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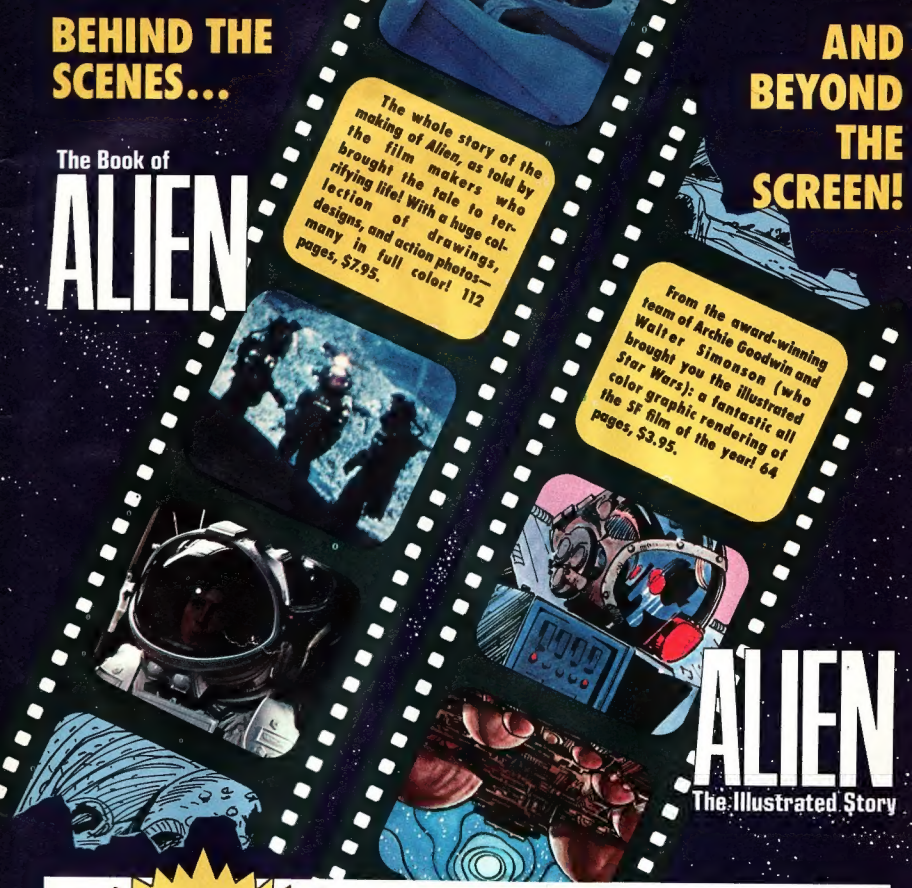

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Illustration by **Romas Kukalis**

CONTENTS

Soft Landing, by **Dan O'Bannon** and **Thomas Warkentin,** 6
The Doll, by **J.K. Potter,** 10
The Airtight Garage of Jerry Cornelius, by **Moebius,** 17, 79
Only Connect: The Spirit of the Game, by **Alias,** 19
Buck Rogers in the 25th Century, by **Jim Lawrence** and **Gray Morrow,** 25
Rising to the Occasion, by **Kenneth Smith,** 34
Little Red V-3, by **Hé,** 38
The Grail War, by **Richard Monaco,** illustrated by **Marcus Boas,** 42
Elvis, by **Francois Thomas,** 46
The Bus, by **Paul Kirchner,** 59
A World Between, by **Norman Spinrad,** illustrated by **Donald Brautigam,** 60
Elric, by **Michael Moorcock,** illustrated by **Frank Brunner,** 63
Telefield, by **Macedo,** 82
Shelter, by **Chantal Montellier,** 92
Front cover, Love Hurts, by **Jim Cherry**
Back cover, by **Val Mayerik**
...Thirty..., 4

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...Thirty...
Disco Edito

Elvis the dragon meets Grail-hunting heroes,
An albino's sword has a mind of its own.
The saucers are coming to rescue the hippies,
Won't somebody please throw the werewolf a bone?

Folk was a fad, it
's as dated as Soul.
Reggae has had it,
Just like Rock 'n' Roll.
Heavy Metal's like the Blues—
A relic from the past . . .
Put on your plexi dancin' shoes,
And let that disco blast!

Shopping mall zombies are caught in the fallout,
Bruegel pedestrians block up the streets.
Chess master wizards are waiting to crawl out
And swipe little robot girls' baskets of treats.

Country sounds mopey,
And Jazz had its day.
Opera's just dopey,
and Salsa's passé.
Heavy Metal's like the Blues—
A relic from the past,
So wash them Quaaludes down with booze,
And let that disco blast!

—S.K.

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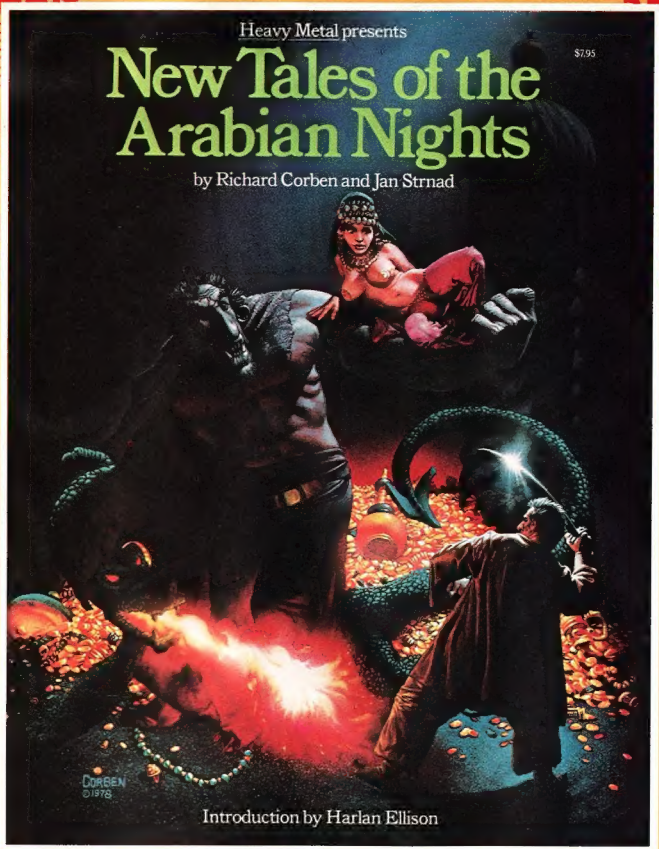

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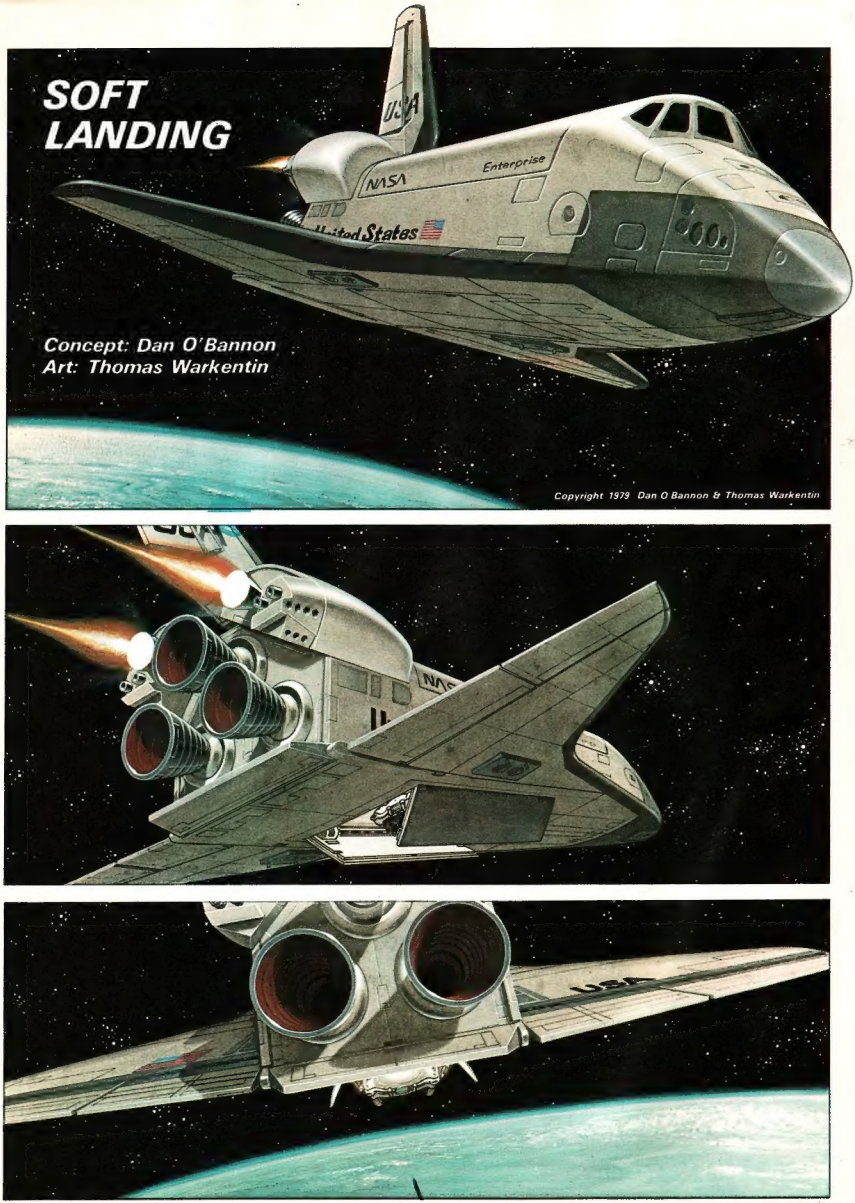
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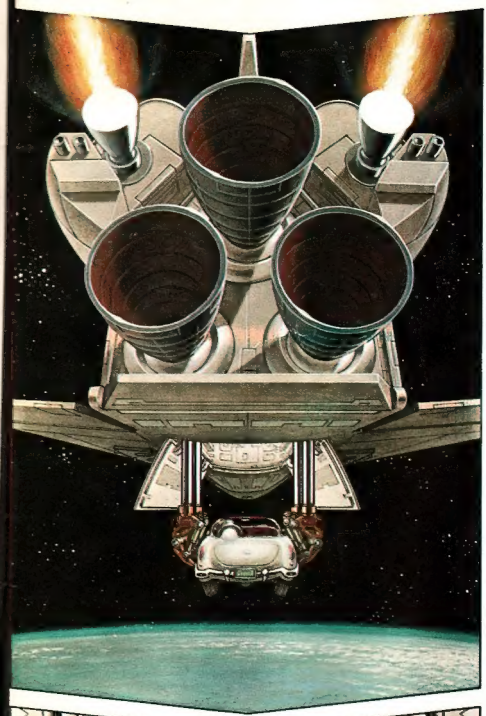

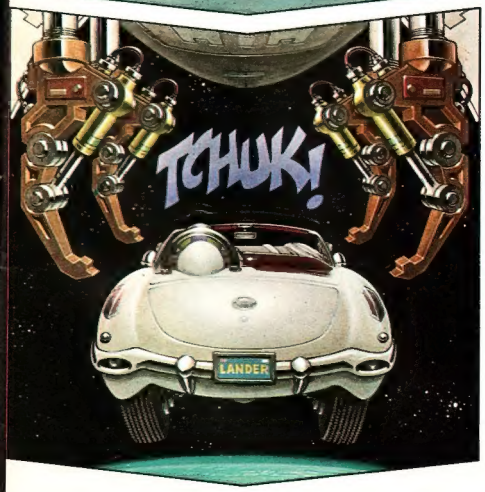
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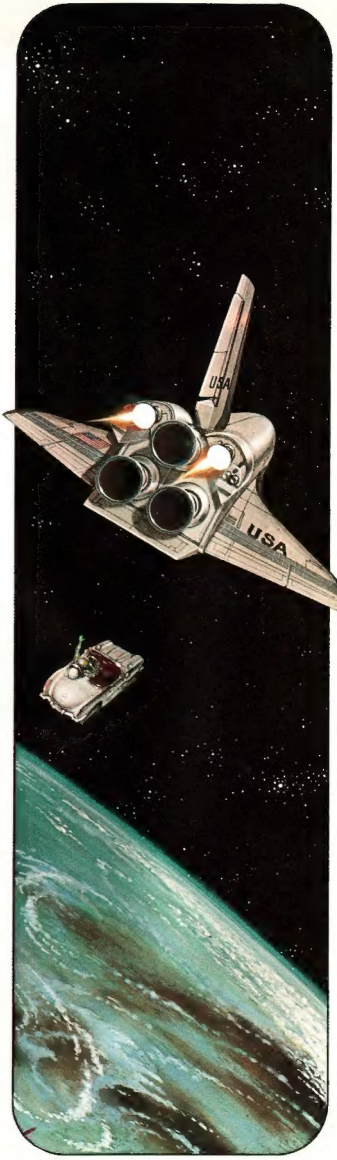
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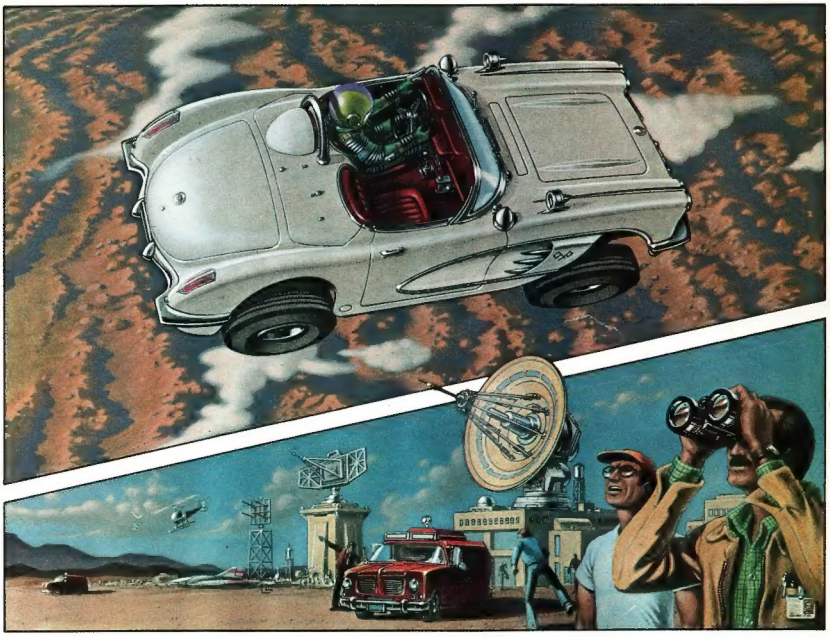

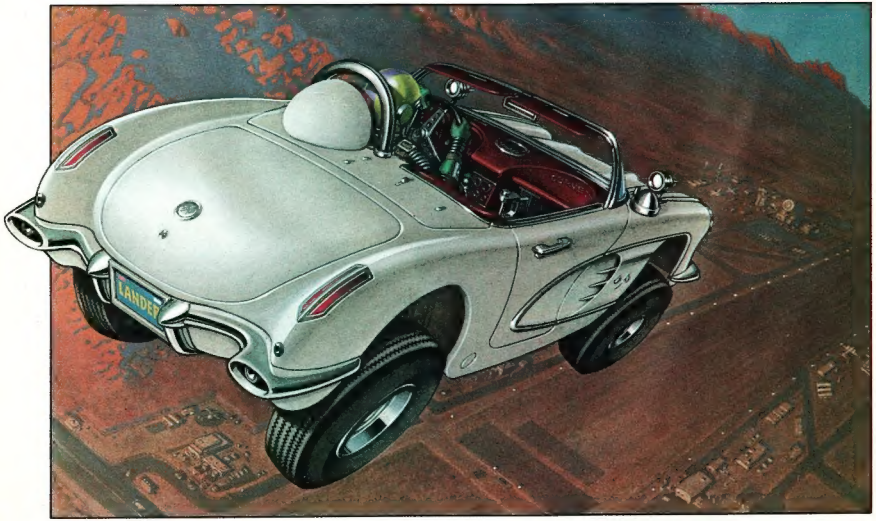
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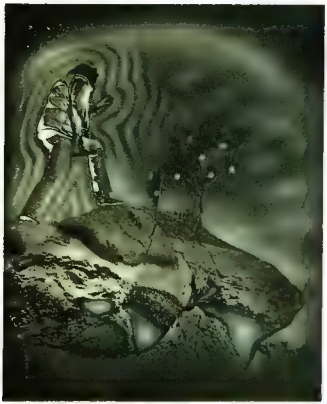
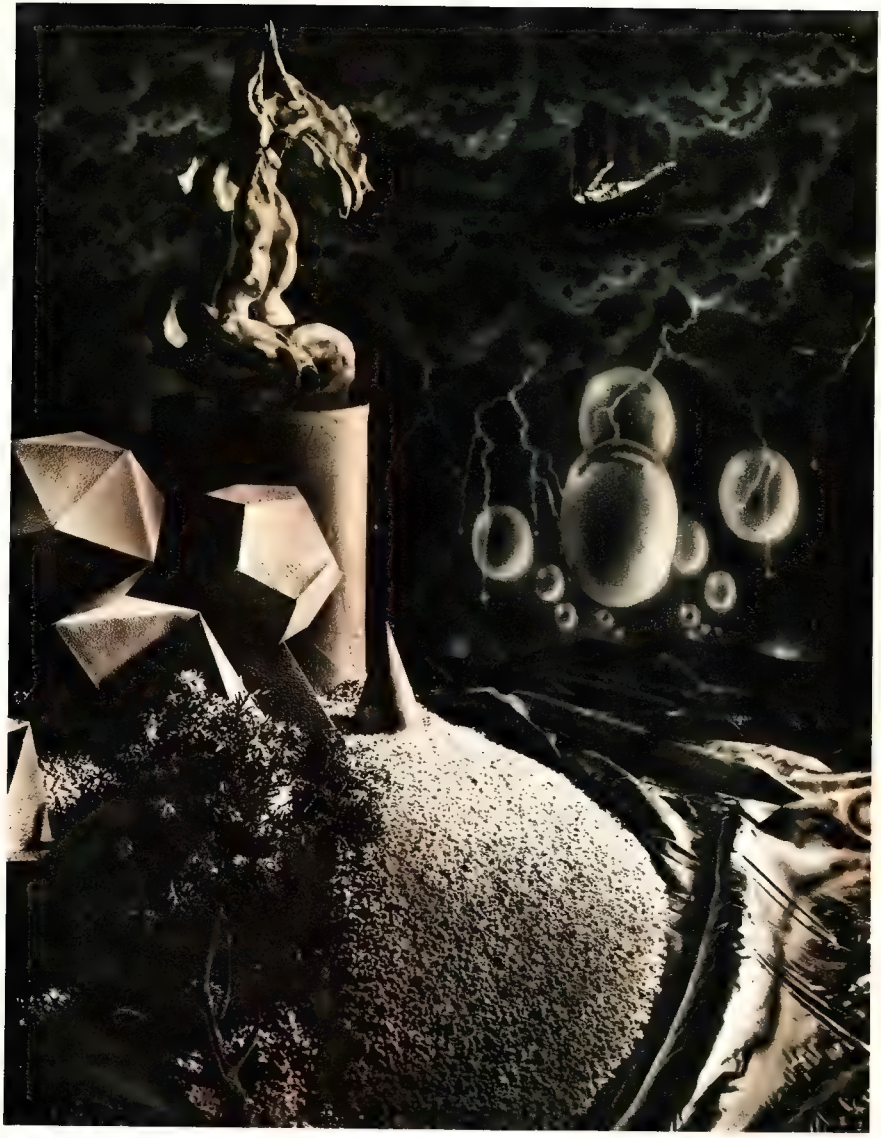
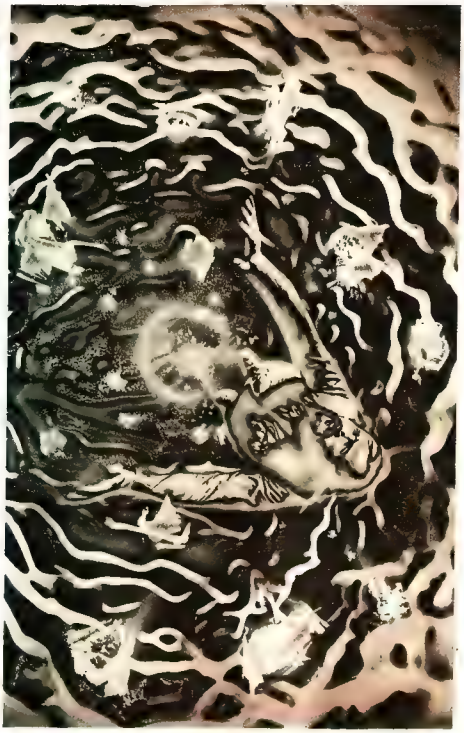
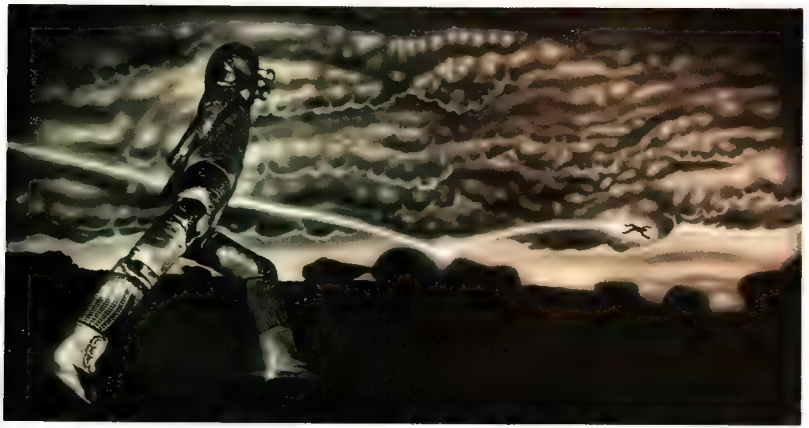
KRANGG!
PUPP!
KLIK!
?..

The DOLL









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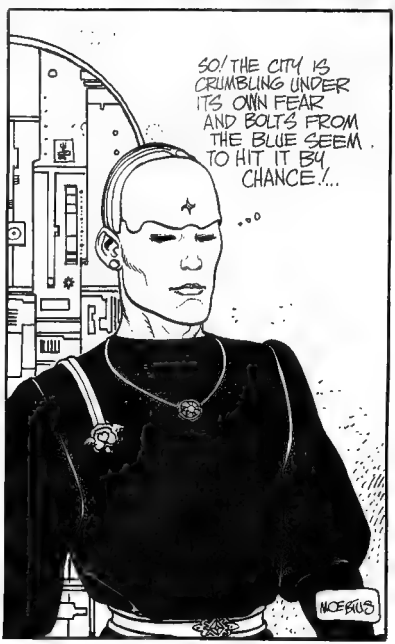
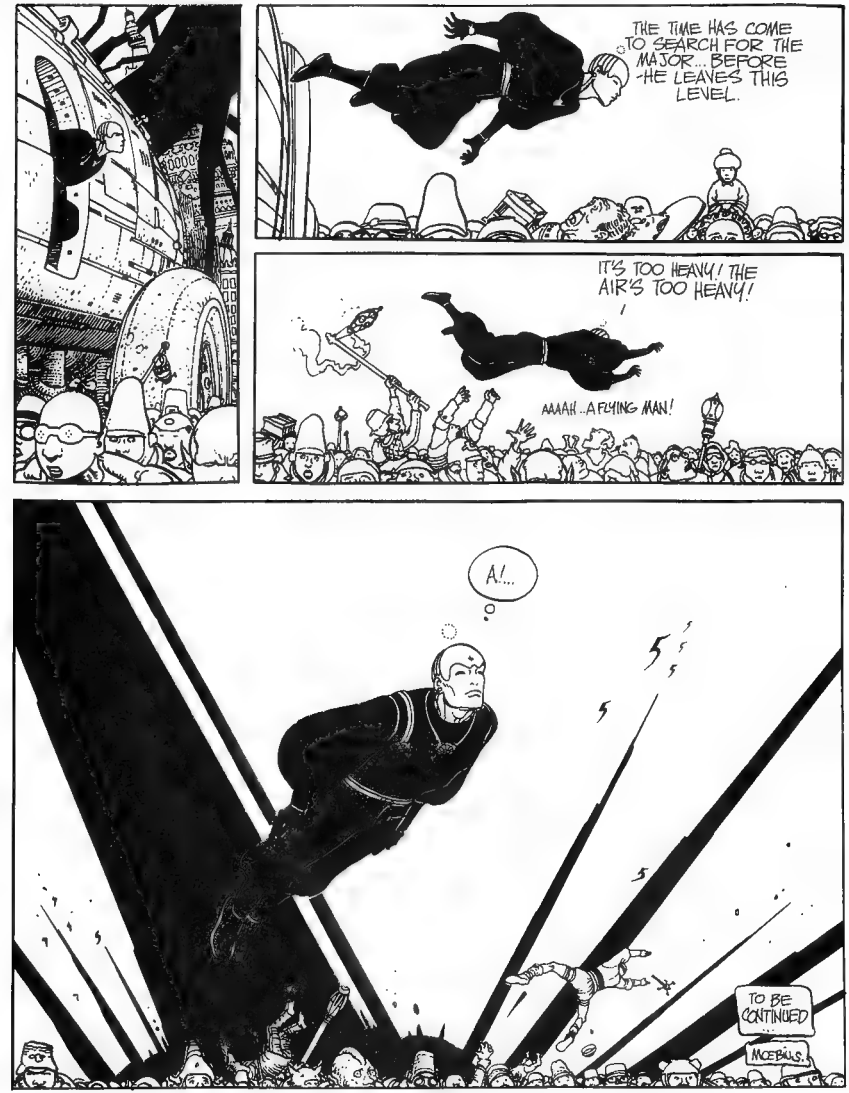
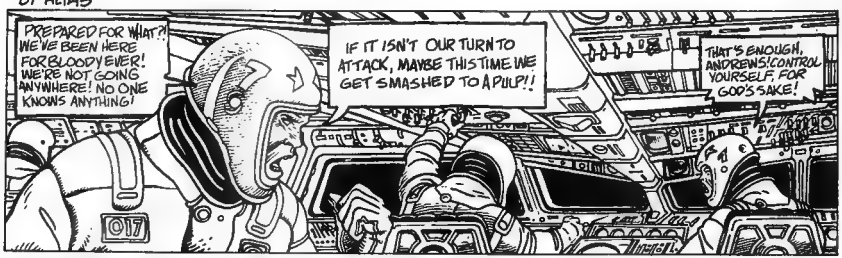
OUR STORY SO FAR: THINGS ARE GOING BADLY ON THE SECOND LEVEL: ARMJOURTH IS BEING SHELLED FROM THE HEAVENS. AND, SURROUNDED BY THIS CHAOS, J CORN FINALLY MAKES HIS ENTRANCE INTO THE GOLDEN CAPITAL, THE PEARL OF THE TUNDRA...

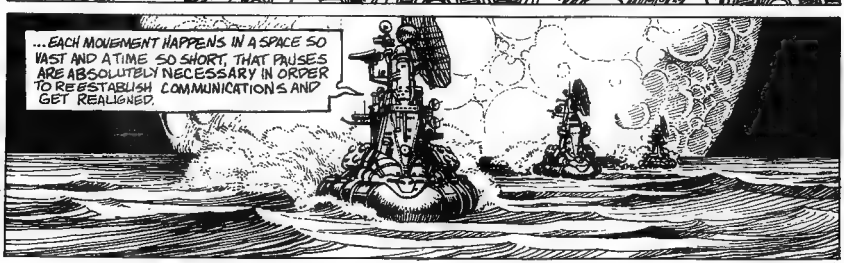



THE TIME HAS COME TO SEARCH FOR THE MAJOR... BEFORE -HE LEAVES THIS LEVEL.
IT'S TOO HEAVY! THE AIR'S TOO HEAVY!
AAAAH..A FLYING MAN!
A!...
TO BE CONTINUED
MOEBIUS.

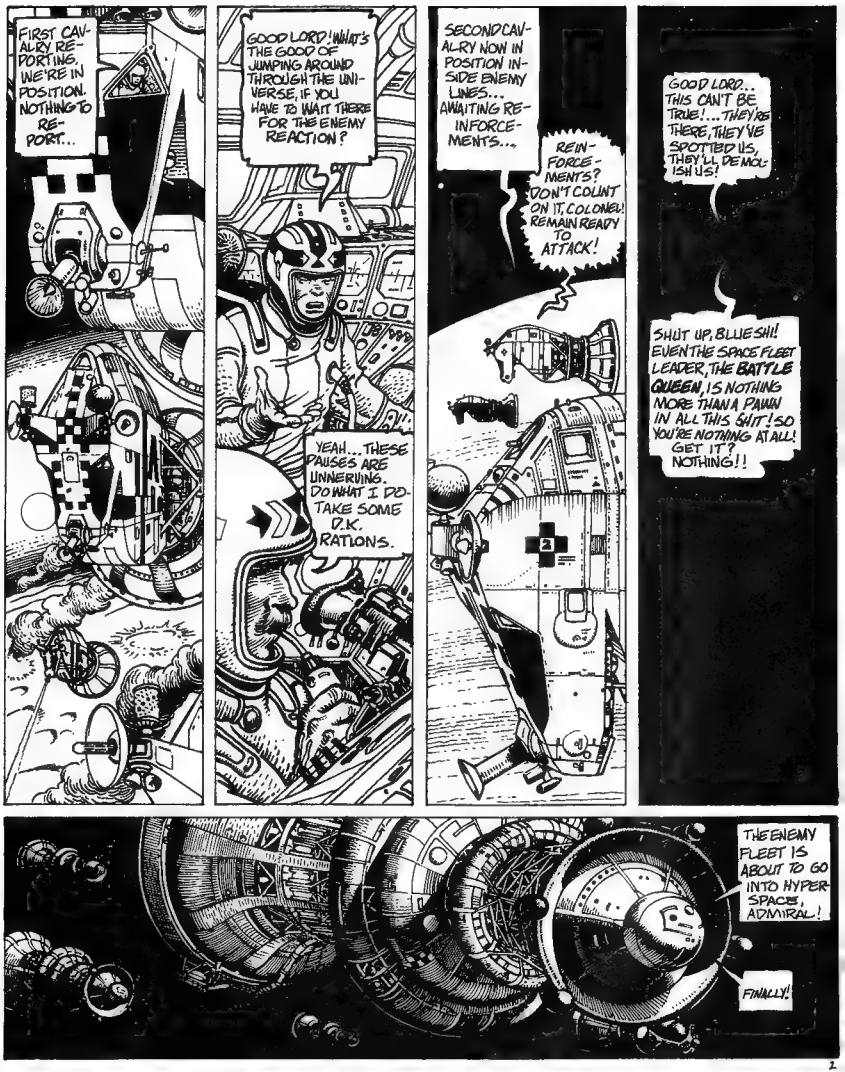
ONLY CONNECT - THE SPIRIT OF THE GAME

BY ALIAS

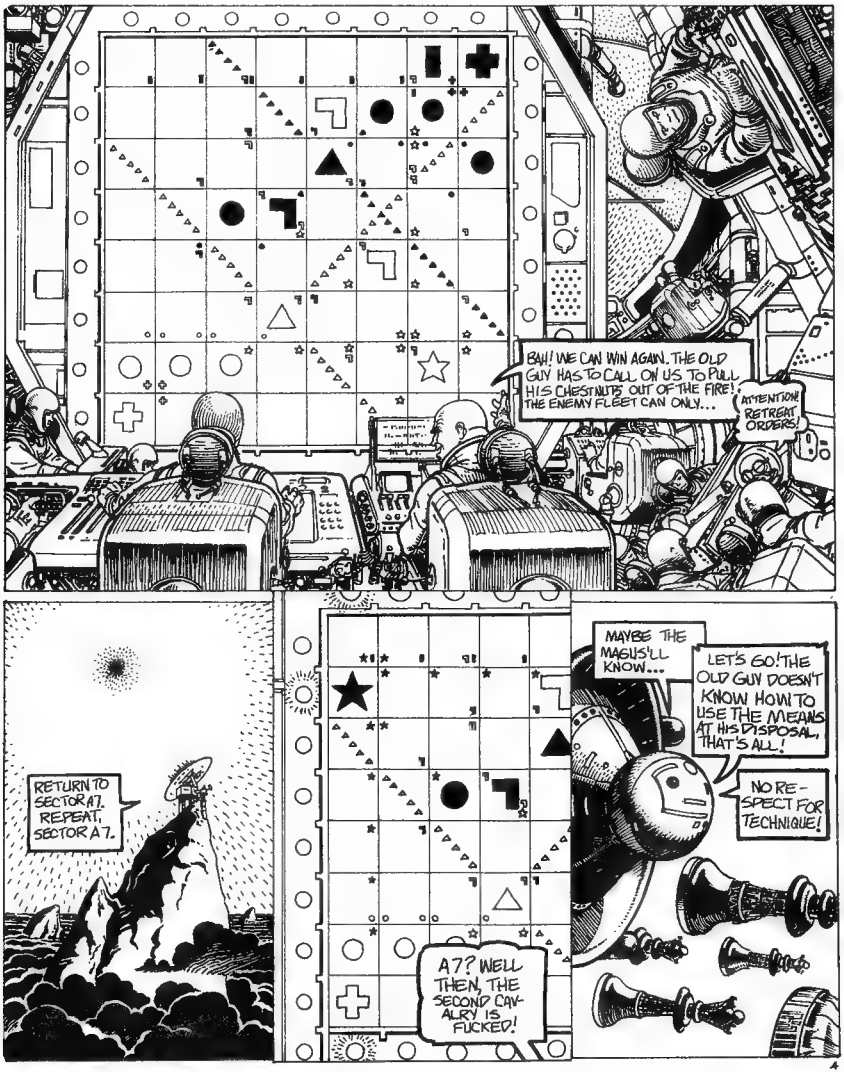

PREPARED FOR WHAT?! WE'VE BEEN HERE FOR BLOODY EVER! WE'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE! NO ONE KNOWS ANYTHING!
IF IT ISN'T OUR TURN TO ATTACK, MAYBE THIS TIME WE GET SMASHED TO A PULP!!
THAT'S ENOUGH, ANDREWS! CONTROL YOURSELF, FOR GOD'S SAKE!
017


...EACH MOVEMENT HAPPENS IN A SPACE SO VAST AND A TIME SO SHORT, THAT PAUSES ARE ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY IN ORDER TO RE-ESTABLISH COMMUNICATIONS AND GET REALIGNED.

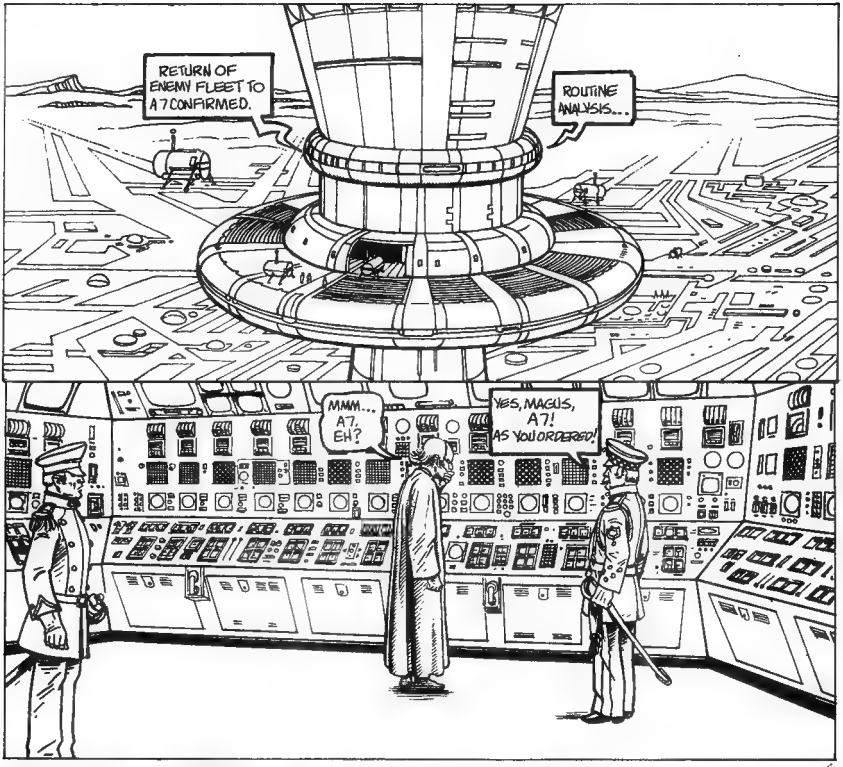
1

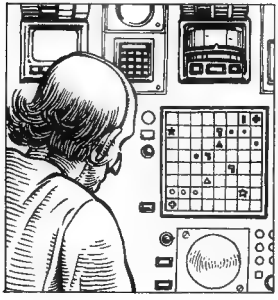

FIRST CAVALRY REPORTING. WE'RE IN POSITION. NOTHING TO REPORT...
GOOD LORD! WHAT'S THE GOOD OF JUMPING AROUND THROUGH THE UNIVERSE, IF YOU HAVE TO WAIT THERE FOR THE ENEMY REACTION?
YEAH... THESE PAUSES ARE UNNERVING. DO WHAT I DO. TAKE SOME D.K. RATIONS.
SECOND CAVALRY NOW IN POSITION INSIDE ENEMY LINES... AWAITING REINFORCEMENTS...
REINFORCEMENTS? DON'T COUNT ON IT, COLONEL! REMAIN READY TO ATTACK!
GOOD LORD.. THIS CAN'T BE TRUE!... THEY'RE THERE, THEY'VE SPOTTED US, THEY'LL DEMOLISH US!
SHUT UP, BLUESH! EVEN THE SPACE FLEET LEADER, THE BATTLE QUEEN, IS NOTHING MORE THAN A PAWN IN ALL THIS SHIT! SO YOU'RE NOTHING AT ALL! GET IT? NOTHING!!
THE ENEMY FLEET IS ABOUT TO GO INTO HYPER SPACE, ADMIRAL!
FINALLY!

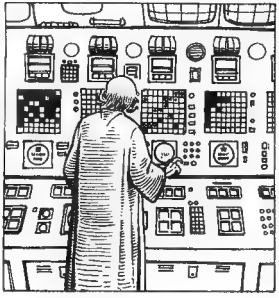
THIS IS GOING TO BE OUR ROUND! I CAN FEEL IT. THE MAGUS WON'T BE ABLE TO KEEP US ON THE FRINGES OF THIS FIGHT!
WHERE'S IT GOING?
IT'S LEFT THE ENEMY LINES. WE'RE SWEEPING OVER ALL SECTORS...
WE'LL WIN THE DECISIVE BATTLE, AND THE SPACE FLEET WILL BE VICTORIOUS!
SO WILL THE ADMIRAL...
AND WHY NOT? THE MAGUS MIGHT LOSE THIS WAR AGAINST THE ANDRINOS... BUT HE CAN'T WIN WITHOUT US!
AND IF WE RETURN TO ALBA AS VICTORS, IT WILL BE BECAUSE OF OUR WEAPONS AND OUR IDEAS! THE OLD FOOL WILL GO BACK TO HIS IVORY TOWER.
YEAH. MEANTIME, THE SITUATION DOESN'T LOOK GOOD... AND WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE THE ENEMY FLEET WILL RE-APPEAR...

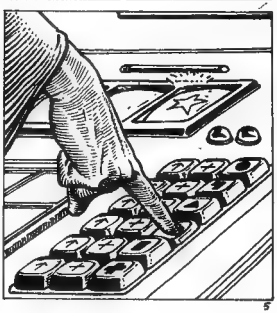

BAH! WE CAN WIN AGAIN. THE OLD GUY HAS TO CALL ON US TO PULL HIS CHESTNUTS OUT OF THE FIRE! THE ENEMY FLEET CAN ONLY...
ATTENTION! RETREAT ORDERS!
RETURN TO SECTOR A7. REPEAT, SECTOR A7.
A7? WELL THEN, THE SECOND CAVALRY IS FUCKED!
MAYBE THE MAGUS'LL KNOW...
LET'S GO! THE OLD GUY DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO USE THE MEANS AT HIS DISPOSAL, THAT'S ALL!
NO RESPECT FOR TECHNIQUE!

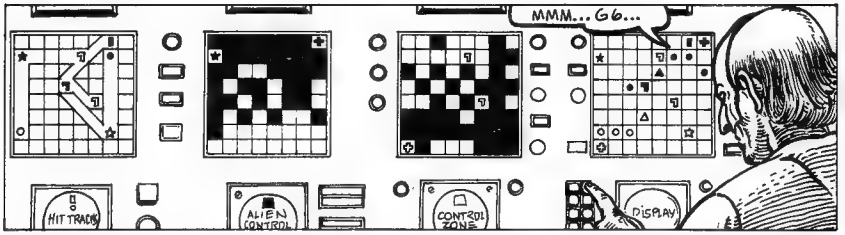
4

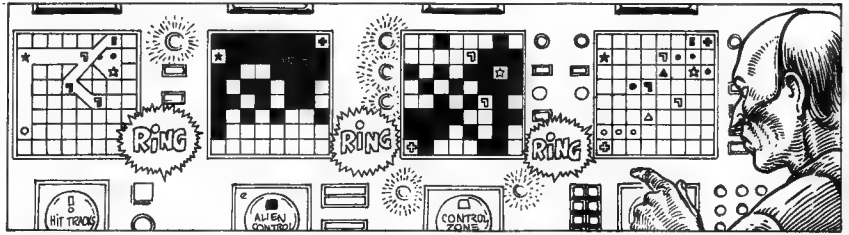

RETURN OF ENEMY FLEET TO A7 CONFIRMED.
ROUTINE ANALYSIS...
MMM... A7, EH?
YES, MAGUS, A7! AS YOU ORDERED!

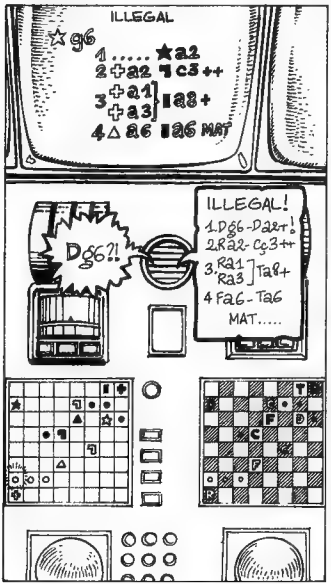


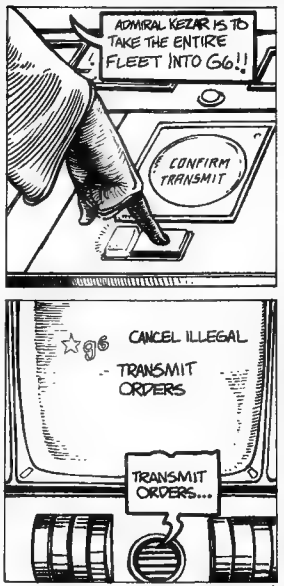












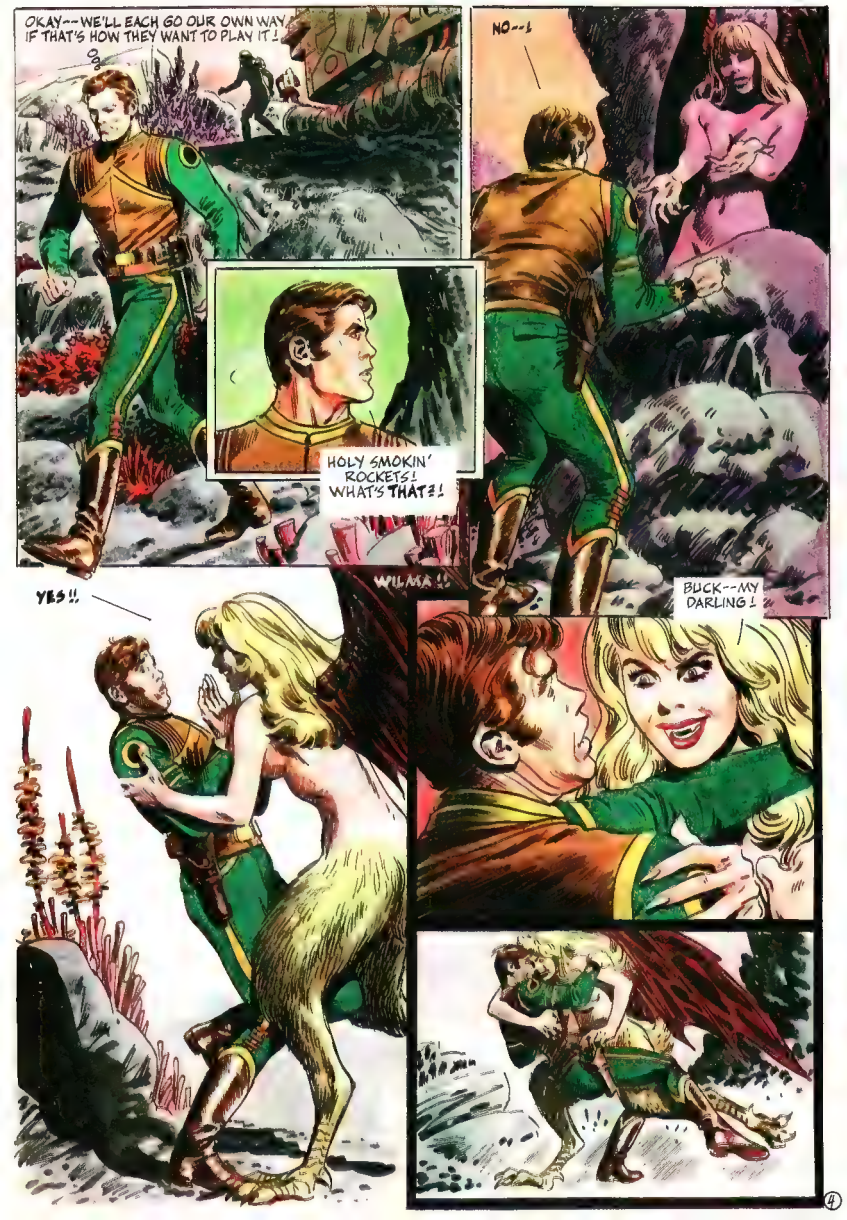
CONTINUED ON PAGE 73

BUCK ROGERS
IN THE 25TH CENTURY
JIM LAWRENCE
GRAY MORROW

BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY
ON THE MOON OF MAONESS!
THE PLANET ISOLT!
...AN ENIGMA! ...FROM ALL INDICATIONS ITS ATMOSPHERE SEEMS IDEAL TO SUPPORT LIFE!
...YET NOTHING HAS BEEN HEARD FROM ITS INHABITANTS IN OVER A THOUSAND YEARS!
BY JIM LAWRENCE & EARLY MORROW
A RACE OF SOMS SORT DWELT HERE!
1

WHAT FANTASTIC MURALS!
MONSTERS WITH HUMAN FACES!
A MOON TEMPLE, PERHAPS?
DO YOU SUPPOSE THOSE CREATURES WERE REAL OR MYTHOLOGICAL?
IF THEY'RE THE JOKERS WHO BUILT THIS CITY--WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?
GOOD QUESTIONS!... BUT WE'D BETTER BE GETTING BACK TO THE SHIP!
WE MAY NEVER UNRIDDLE THE XOLBIAN'S FATE--YET I'VE A FEELING THE ANSWER LIES--UP THERE!
FLY ME TO THE MOON, HUH?
THE LUNAR UP

AS DESERTED AS XOLB ITSELF!
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, DR. HUER!... I F-FEEL IT, TOO!
BUT EVEN MORE DISTURBING!
SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE BOTH COMING UNGLUED!
LOOK!
LIFE, AT LAST--!
...OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT!
SOMETHING EVIL ABOUT THIS SPOT! ... HOW CAN I TRUST EITHER OF THEM?!... AFTER ALL, THEY'RE BOTH--MALE!
HMM. I SEE IT NOW--WHY MOONS ARE EMOTIONALLY DISTURBING! IN FEMALES --THE LUNAR PERIOD! AS FOR BUCK, LUNAR=LOONY!
WACKO--BOTH OF 'EM!
SMALL WONDER WITH DOC'S MENTAL OVERLOAD ... BUT WILMA, TOO?!


OKAY--WE'LL EACH GO OUR OWN WAY IF THAT'S HOW THEY WANT TO PLAY IT!
NO--!
HOLY SMOKIN' ROCKETS! WHAT'S THAT?!
WILMA!!
YES!!
BUCK--MY DARLING!

BUCK! HELP--!!
WILMA'S VOICE! ... THE REAL WILMA!!
GOOD NIGHT! ANOTHER MONSTER!!
SUFFERIN' SATELLITES! IT'S ME!
ZAP!
... WHAT A GROTESQUE PARODY
!!
THWACK!
COME ON--!!

HEY DOC--!
WITH DR. HYDE'S FACE!!
OH NO---!!
UNSPEAKABLE FIEND!
UNHAND HER, YOU CREEP!

CRIPES! EVEN CARVING MY INITIAL DOESN'T FAZE THE BRUTE!!
STOP--!!
IT'S DISINTEGRATING!
AS DO WE ALL-- WHEN CONFRONTED WITH OUR INEXORABLE FATE! EVEN CREATURES OF FANTASY CANNOT FACE UP TO-- DEATH!!
UGGHH! STEADY ON, WILMA GIRL! I'LL SOON HAVE YOU FREE!

LET'S GO, DOC!

C-COMING, BUCK!

M-MERE PHANTOMS OF OUR IMAGINATION... NOTHING MORE!

END

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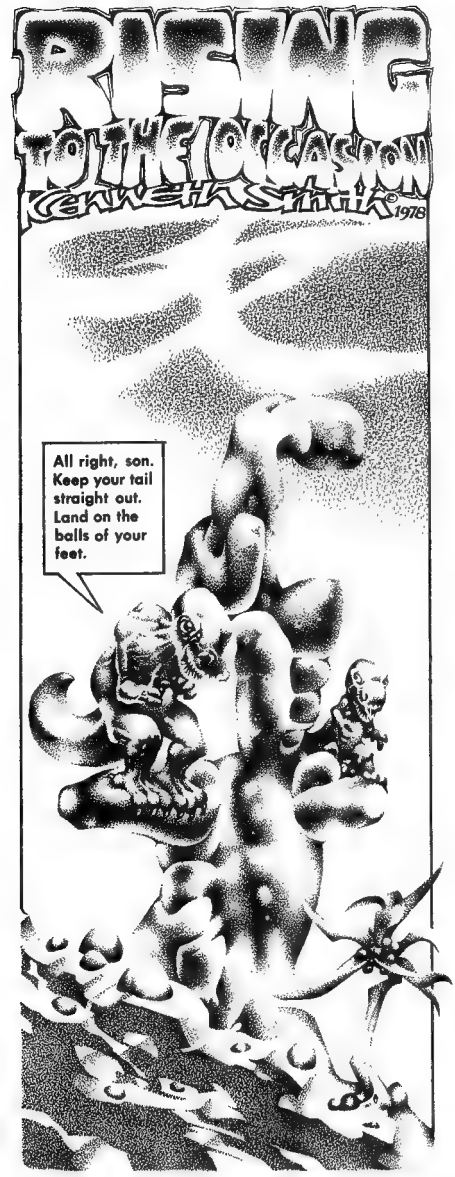
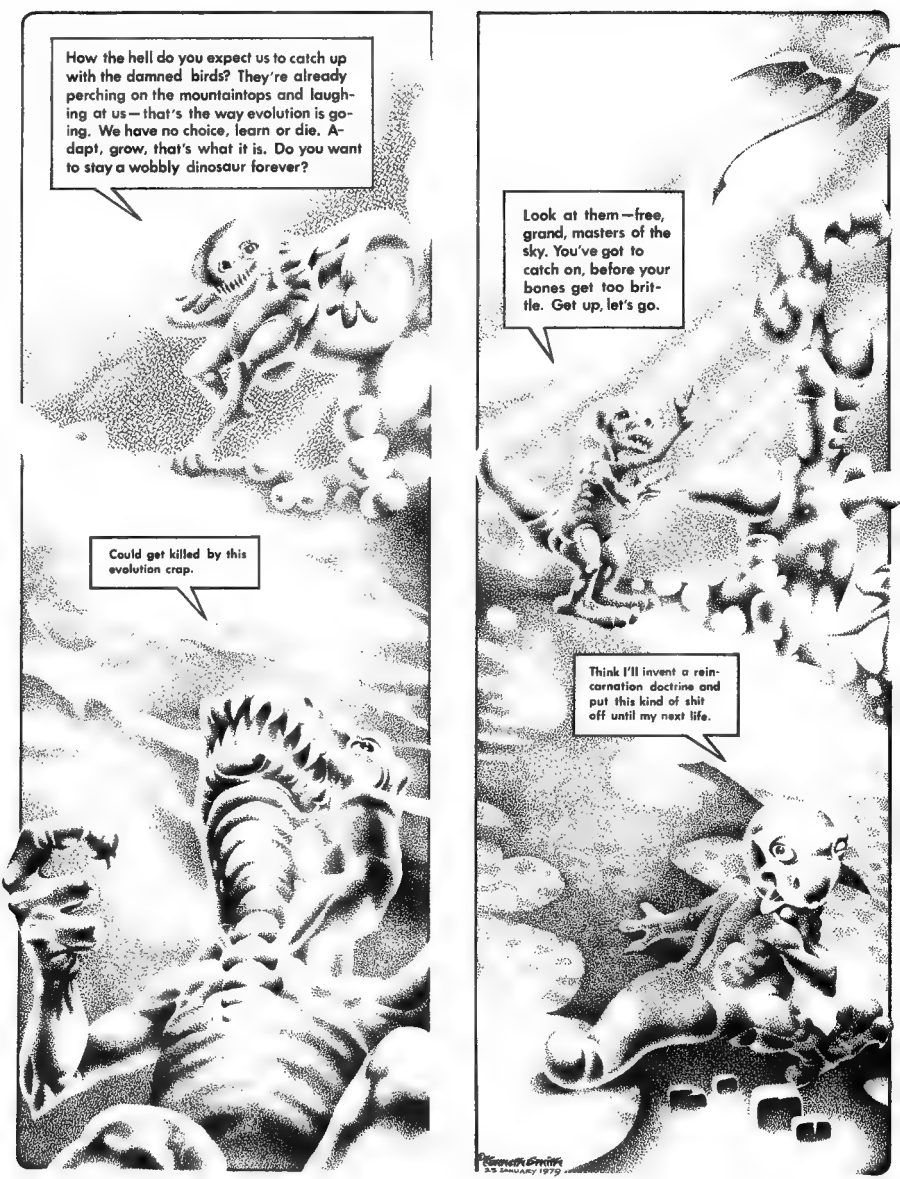
LET'S GO, DOC!
C'COMING, BUCK!
M-MERE PHANTOMS OF OUR IMAGINATION... NOTHING MORE!
...TO TAKE ON LIVING FORM!
END


RING
TO THE OCCASION
KENNETH SMITH ©1978
All right, son. Keep your tail straight out. Land on the balls of your feet.

Good ... that's it... try to flap some on the way down—hey! No! Watch out!
Damn near broke my butt!


How the hell do you expect us to catch up with the damned birds? They're already perching on the mountaintops and laughing at us—that's the way evolution is going. We have no choice, learn or die. Adapt, grow, that's what it is. Do you want to stay a wobbly dinosaur forever?
Could get killed by this evolution crap.
Look at them—free, grand, masters of the sky. You've got to catch on, before your bones get too brittle. Get up, let's go.
Think I'll invent a reincarnation doctrine and put this kind of shit off until my next life.
Kenneth Smith
25 JANUARY 1979

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

HM #1/APRIL, 1977. With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara*, Harzak, and more ($5.00)

HM #2/MAY, 1977. Introducing Roger the paranoid puppet, Virgo, the cosmic maiden. Russian astronauts, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival while Harzak Sunpot and Den continue ($4.00)

HM #3/JUNE, 1977 Features *Night Images* poetry by Conan's creator Robert E. Howard with illustrations by Corben. Macedo's Rockbiltz; the highly praised Shells; the first chapter of Dave's World Apart, more Den Sunpot and Harzak ($3.00)

HM #4/JULY, 1977. Is a must for Moebius fans with 12 pages of Harzaland two of Sky Saga The Long Tomorrow also the end of Sunpot further adventures of Den the psychic Nep Smo and the horrible Gold Queen ($3.00)

HM #5/AUGUST, 1977 In which the saga of Polonius begins. The Long Tomorrow concludes, World Apart and Den continue all amidst talking plants, samurai puppets, sex and violence ($3.00)

HM #6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Galactic Aztecs cosmic cowboys, hysterical shrubbery, chemically-induced sanity, a Moebius space opera, more World Apart, Den, and Polonius, plus a Roger Zelazny short story ($3.00)

HM #7/OCTOBER, 1977: Packed with knights, ladies, jet pilots insanity reincarnation and other harmless pastimes, 10 pages of color Moebius the Airtight Garage Den and Polonius redux, and fiction by Theodore Sturgeon ($3.00)

HM #8/NOVEMBER, 1977: With nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, the conclusions of both Polonius and World Apart, ex-pugs, intellectual mollusks, birth and death stars, and a great new Harlan Ellison story—the heaviest *Heavy Metal* yet! ($3.00)

HM #9/DECEMBER, 1977 This time went up to 104 pages to bring you the complete saga of Druillet's archaero Vuzz, a chapter from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Wein. In addition to full-color contributions from regulars Corben, Macedo, Clavelous and Moebius ($3.00)

HM #10/JANUARY, 1978: We got Morrow to illustrate Zelazny, we got Lob and Pichard to update Ulysses, we got Meehan to do a *Heavy Metal* calendar girl, we concluded Conquering Armies and continued Den. Of course you knew about the Incas' fog lights, and the time warp ($3.00)

HM #11/FEBRUARY, 1978. Wherein begin the new adventures of Barbarella, naked to her enemies and nude to her friends, and of Urm the Fool in his quest for revenge. Wraparound cover and center spread by Nino. A trip to Venus, the Crusader and the Welch and Moebius down the rabbit hole. With the usual unusual, like Den ($3.00)

HM #12/MARCH 1978. In which we learn the evils of witch-hunts and the perils of witchcraft, the problems of mass transit, and the dangers of hitchhiking. Plus the first swashbuckling episode of Onion. More Barbarella. More Urm. And still more Den ($3.00)

HM #13/APRIL, 1978 Big deal first anniversary issue with 30-page insert from Paradise 9 by all concerned. Also: amidst the fungi, die death's duel, and the undead. Barbarella goes birth. Oh, and the sexual acrobatic epilogue to Den ($3.00)

HM #14/MAY, 1978 Does in Urm the Mad, locates El Dorado, goes to pieces on a bicycle buys a cannibal clock, time travels, and cerebrally rap dances with Nino. Not to mention Onion and Barbarella ($3.00)

HM #15/JUNE,1978 This time we go too far. For instance: the erotic new Corben, Shahrazad the neurotic. Evolution the ecstatic. More Than Human the erotic Barbarella and the erratic Them Changes. And an excerpt from Sabre, and the origins of Heilman ($3.00)

HM #16/JULY, 1978. A happy ending to Barbarella, a sad ending to 1999, the resumption of Druillet's Gail, the further adventures of Heilman and Onion. More Than Human could, and another piece of the Arabian Nights tale from Corben ($3.00)

HM #17/AUGUST, 1978: Looks like more of the same, with Onion, Corben's Arabian Nights Heilman, and the last More Than Human. Except Druillet's Gail gets going again, the Off-Season starts, cannibal robots get involved, and somebody finally touches the right button ($3.00)

HM #18/SEPTEMBER, 1978: Starring Sindbad the Sailor, Esorel Queen of the Bubble Women, the Major's fiancée, two off-season detectives, Arcane the Warrior, Heilman, Onion, and Lone Sloane on Gail. Harlan Ellison's sewer full of babies. Plus miscellaneous gags and wheezes ($3.00)

HM #19/OCTOBER, 1978: All hallows breaks loose with an excerpt from Dawn of the Dead, the puberty rites of dragons, a zombie android called Exterminator, Ellison's Glass Goblin illustrated, and the onset of Mickey's So Beautiful and So Dangerous. More eerie exploits of heroes Sindbad, Gail and Onion ($3.00)

HM #20/NOVEMBER, 1978: A full 20-page excerpt from the Chaykin Delany *Empire* white Sindbad's dragon explodes, the Exterminator escapes, Sloane makes war, the Sad Man disappears, Grubert arrives too late, and Heilman is reborn for the final time. So Beautiful and So Dangerous, part two, and more Diabolical Planet ($3.00)

HM #21/DECEMBER, 1978: Putting the Easter bunny back into Xmas, and wrapping up Onion and Off-Season with sinister Tarot greeting cards, wreaths and wraiths, creches crashes, and a prezzy for you—a 12-page Moebius murder yarn ($2.00)

HM #22/JANUARY, 1979 This one's full of elephants, for some reason. Plus our first Trina, and a pinup, and Gail's shoot-em-up finale. Some decapitation, a space siren, and the android takes over the ship. More McKie and Corben. Whattaya want? ($2.00)

HM #23/FEBRUARY, 1979: Our February fantasies feature the onset of the fate of the Starcrown. We continue with Sindbad and McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous. More Moebius and Bilal. Macedo brings us chapter four of life in Metropolis 5, and by popular demand Galactic Geographic. There's the story of a star nosed mole and much, much more ($2.00)

HM #24/MARCH, 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin's illustrated *Stars My Destination*, for openers. A punk rumble, android kibitzing, Star Crown III, and Ellison's tale show. Also hardware and superstition ($2.00)

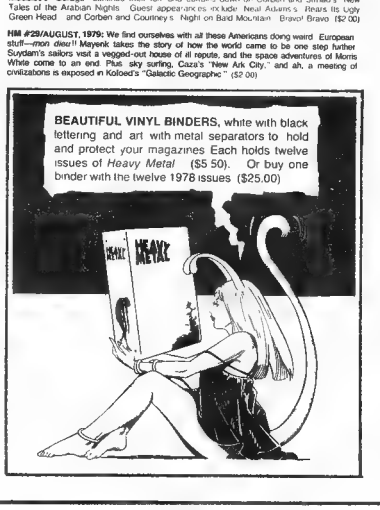
HM #25/APRIL, 1979: Second birthday bash, with Chaykin's great new Gideon Faust tale, an *Aten* portfolio, Val Mayerik's Time Out, the first chapter of Pylocon fiction by Arthur Cover ghost ships, robotic miscegenation, and other goodies for you ($2.00)

HM #26 /MAY, 1979: The almost all-American issue, with fifteen stateside entries including part one of The Illustrated Aten, the complete Entropics, a new Gray Morrow, and more of Corben's Sindbad. (Except for Druillet's Essor and a Proust joke.) ($2.00)

HM #27/JUNE 1979 From the guys who brought you the pompadour, Charles De Gaulle, and fishnet stockings: we proudly present 54 pages of the wild and wacky adventures of Captain Future. Plus: The second episode of the illustrated Aten, McKie's psychic vision of Mick Jagger in the year 2000. Pylocon II not to be confused with *Jaws II* and *Pippi Longstocking Meets the Werewolf*), and alas, the final episode of So Beautiful and So Dangerous (Willy, we hardly knew ye) ($2.00)

HM #28/JULY, 1979: Vaughn Bode's Zooks premieres. Morrow's Eight Bellies and Moebius's Garage continue their run, and curtains down on Corben and Smaal's New Tales of the Arabian Nights. Guest appearances include Neal Adams's Pinups, Its Ugly Green Head and Corben and Courtney's Night on Bald Mountain. Bravo! Bravo ($2.00)

HM #29/AUGUST, 1979: We find ourselves with all these Americans doing weird European stuff—*mon dieu!!* Mayerik takes the story of how the world came to be one step further. Suydam's sailors visit a vegged-out house of ill repute, and the space adventures of Morris White come to an end. Plus: sky surfing, Caza's "New Ark City," and ah, a meeting of civilizations is exposed in Kolpoed's "Galactic Geographic." ($2.00)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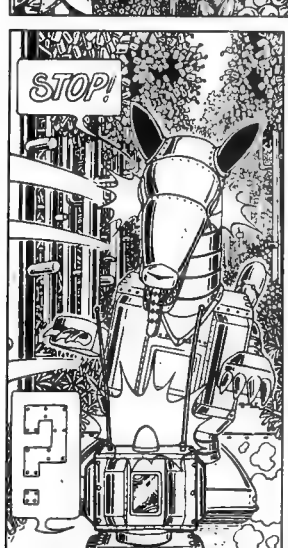
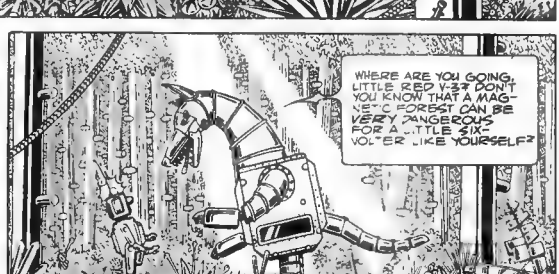
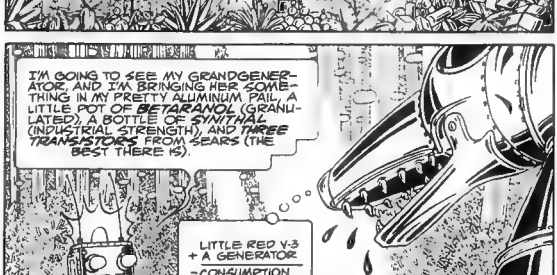
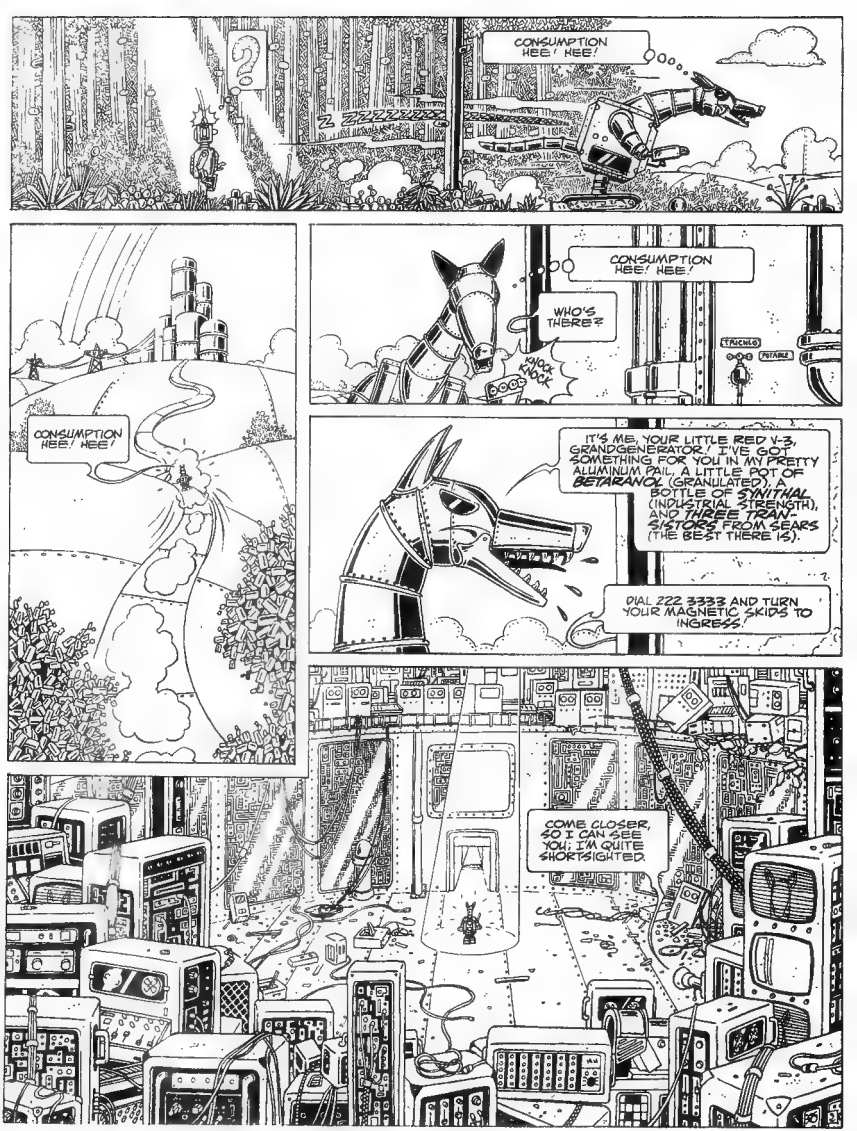
A METALLIC TALE

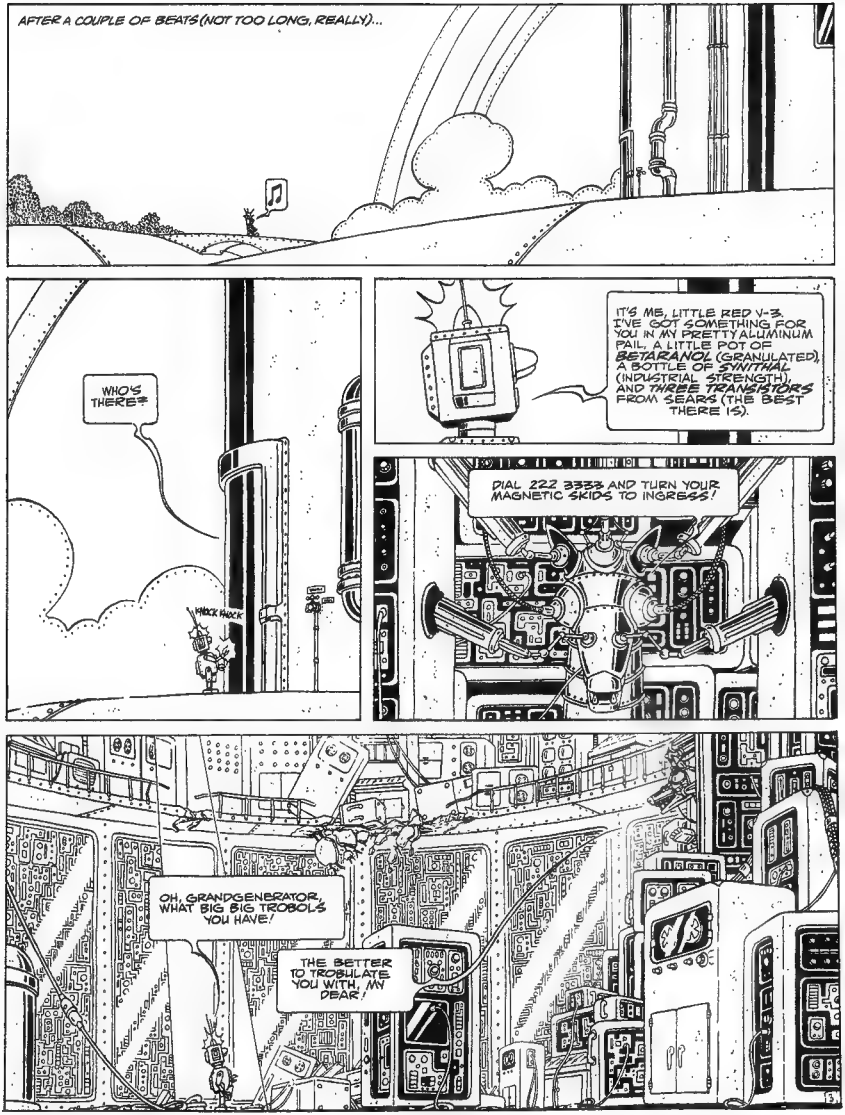
BY HE

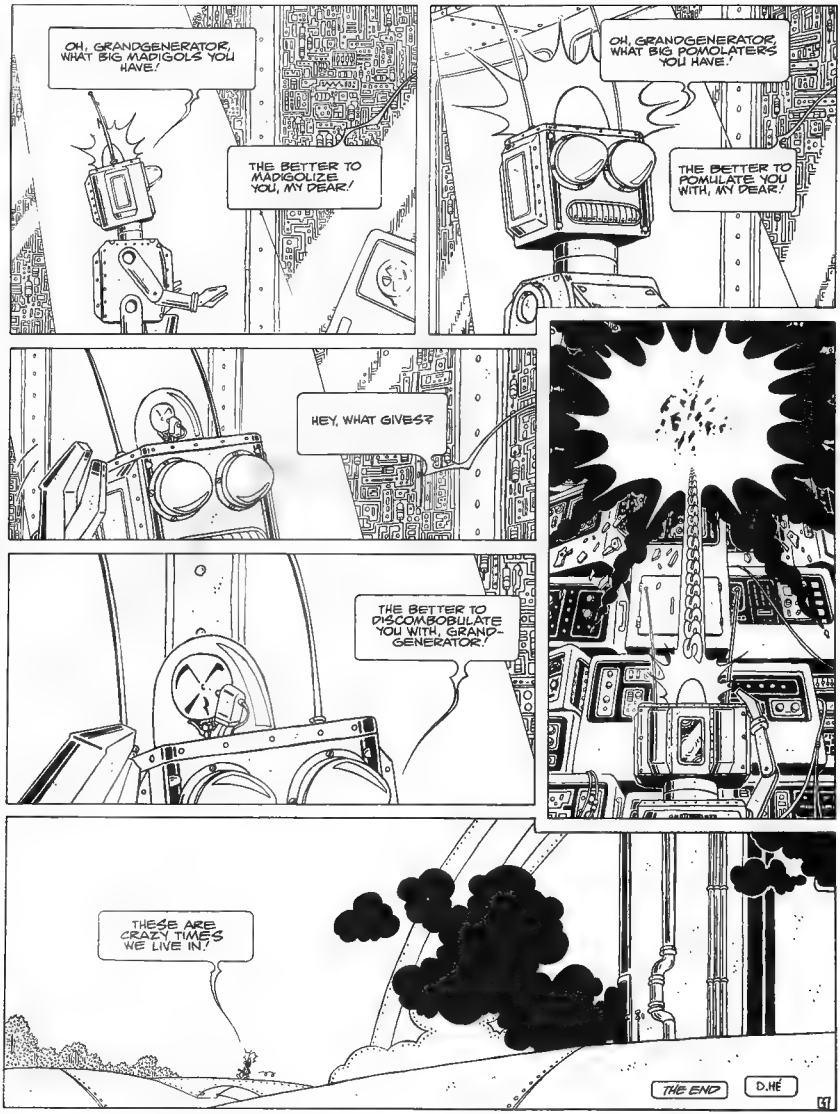



WHERE ARE YOU GOING, LITTLE RED V-3? DON'T YOU KNOW THAT A MAGNETIC FOREST CAN BE VERY DANGEROUS FOR A LITTLE SIX-VOLTER LIKE YOURSELF?


I'M GOING TO SEE MY GRANDGENERATOR, AND I'M BRINGING HER SOMETHING IN MY PRETTY ALUMINUM PAIL, A LITTLE POT OF BETARANOL (GRANULATED), A BOTTLE OF SYNTHAL (INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH), AND THREE TRANSISTORS FROM SEARS (THE BEST THERE IS).
LITTLE RED V-3 + A GENERATOR = CONSUMPTION


CONSUMPTION HEE! HEE!
?
Z ZZZZZZZZZ
CONSUMPTION HEE! HEE!
WHO'S THERE?
KNOCK KNOCK
DOOR
TRICHLO
POTABLE
CONSUMPTION HEE! HEE!
IT'S ME, YOUR LITTLE RED V-3, GRANDGENERATOR. I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU IN MY PRETTY ALUMINUM PAIL, A LITTLE POT OF BETARANOL (GRANULATED), A BOTTLE OF SYNITHAL (INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH), AND THREE TAM-SISTORS FROM SEARS (THE BEST THERE IS).
DIAL 222 3333 AND TURN YOUR MAGNETIC SKIDS TO INGRESS.
COME CLOSER, SO I CAN SEE YOU; I'M QUITE SHORTSIGHTED.
CLI-CLI-CLI-


AFTER A COUPLE OF BEATS (NOT TOO LONG, REALLY)...
WHO'S THERE?
KNOCK KNOCK
IT'S ME, LITTLE RED V-3. I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU IN MY PRETTY ALUMINUM PAIL. A LITTLE POT OF BETARANOL (GRANULATED), A BOTTLE OF SYNITHAL (INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH) AND THREE TRANSISTORS FROM SEARS (THE BEST THERE IS).
DIAL 222 3333 AND TURN YOUR MAGNETIC SKIDS TO INGRESS!
OH, GRANDGENERATOR, WHAT BIG BIG TROBOLS YOU HAVE!
THE BETTER TO TROBULATE YOU WITH, MY DEAR!


OH, GRANDGENERATOR, WHAT BIG MADIGOLS YOU HAVE!
THE BETTER TO MADIGOLIZE YOU, MY DEAR!
OH, GRANDGENERATOR, WHAT BIG POMOLATERS YOU HAVE!
THE BETTER TO POMULATE YOU WITH, MY DEAR!
HEY, WHAT GIVES?
THE BETTER TO DISCOMBOBULATE YOU WITH, GRAND-GENERATOR!
THESE ARE CRAZY TIMES WE LIVE IN!
THE END
D.HÉ

The Grail War

by Richard Monaco

Broaditch of Nigh was watching the bony-backed mules *plop-plopping* along the muddy trail that frothed under the steady rain. Their sides were slick, and the animal reek hung in the sluggish, cool air, sharper than the smell of earth. The open cart jerked and creaked along. He wondered if he might not have done better to walk. The cold water splashed over his hood and spattered his reddened face.

The heavy-bearded monk, face obscure in the shadow of his full cowl, held the reins with chapped fingers. His long body swayed with each lurch and tilt as they moved across the open, rolling, flooded fields through the oppressive, unrelieved gray daylight....

"King Arthur's been dead over a year's time," the monk was just saying as the cart labored through a grove of bedraggled, autumnal apple trees.

"As long as that?" Broaditch reflected. "And I just heard the news a fortnight since."

"Over a year's time, brother," the other confirmed. "And you say you seek the famous knight Parsival of the Grail? But what can your business be with such a one?"

Broaditch cracked his big knuckles. His massive body swayed only slightly as the team struggled unevenly on.

"I ofttimes wish I were more certain myself," he said meditatively. "But I think it's the Grail, brother."

"You seek *it?* Ah...you and the devil, too."

"I left my wife, three children, and a fair farm..."

"Well," the monk reflected, just his knotted, wet beard showing, "we say that's a call."

Broaditch folded his powerful arms inside his worn, stained cloak.

"I cannot say," he commented, "but I know the world wearies me...." He shook his head. "I might be like yourself at that, save God has not spoken. Aye, He's been notably silent in my case....Yet the world is weary and stale....So have I thought more and more as my years mount and ride me down...."

"God's voice is not as men's. You hear it and know it not. Yet you are led, often to purpose, by what seems chance and foolishness." The monk was very matter-of-fact.

"I cannot say....But over the years I find I think more and more of the Grail and Lord Parsival, whom I knew as a boy....Aye, that's sooth. I served in his mother's domain...more years ago than bears thinking....Perhaps I but *want* to believe he found it and knew joy and light without end....No doubt I want to believe it...." He sighed and now clasped his hands over his knees, then squeezed the soaked leather. "And yet I love my wife and little ones...." He sighed, shook his head, and smiled wryly. "If this be heavenly advice I've taken, brother, it truly does seem foolishness.

"If it were clearer," the monk said, whipping the reins up to stir the sluggish team, "the end you seek might frighten you away." Broaditch looked at him thoughtfully, but he said nothing. "Recall, the devil sought it, too."

"Did he?" Broaditch wasn't quite amused yet.

"The devil Clinschor—the black wizard cursed of God. He fought to possess the holy cup."

"Is it a cup for certain?"

The monk shrugged. "So some say."

"What would the devil do with such a sacred thing?"

"Make it as evil as once it was holy. Use the power of light to shine darkness....So have I heard."

"Well, Clinschor is dead twenty years or more." Broaditch stared into the gray horizon.

"Have you seen his grave?" As there was no reply, the monk went on, head tilting into the rain. "It is said the Grail draws everyone, though the many feel it not, being too mired in the world. The devil, it is said, knows it as a stinging, an irritation. It angers him continually."

Broaditch made fists and drummed them on his knees.

"He must be dead," he declared at length, "or in his dotage."

The holy man looked straight ahead.

Illustration by Marcus Boas

Some things,” he said, “are greatly to be feared, brother.”
Broadmich turned away and broke off the conversation. He tightened his bulky arms
together and tilted his chin down to sleep. The cart staggered on through the clinging
mire, and he gradually fell deeper into a dozing sleep, and found himself suddenly
flying, higher and higher, feeling his beating wings lifting him soundlessly, circling
over the reeling, grayish world, and then, far below, a skeletal shadow seemed to
send its vast angles over the landscape... seemed to move like a pair of wings... Then
he shuddered, crying out in his throat, starting, jerking on the seat; falling away from
the immense, flying, black-winged, red-jawed, clawing, fierce-eyed shape... falling,
rolling out, hitting the rutted mud dully, banging himself awake, seeing instantly
[illegible] to his feet; that the driver was gone and the mules stood
motionless in the traces...
[illegible] looking around. How far had they come since he fell asleep? The day
was dying into blurry twilight. Where was the damned monk? In the trees? Shitting?
There were great woods all around them. For some reason he didn't want to call
out.
[illegible] He decided to walk. Those animals were too
[illegible] and no doubt the man would take his time... He knew he was
[illegible]. He didn't want to wait, so he started walking, his traveling sack slung
[illegible] and for a moment or two he fought back an impulse to run, as his
broad back felt naked and tingled...

In the beginning, Elvis visited Amraphel.
And Amraphel, son of Mahalaleel and king of Scineer, said unto him one day:
"Take my daughter, my only one, the one you love. I hereby give her to you."
Elvis, who preferred the tattooed bums of the swamp girls, hit the road.

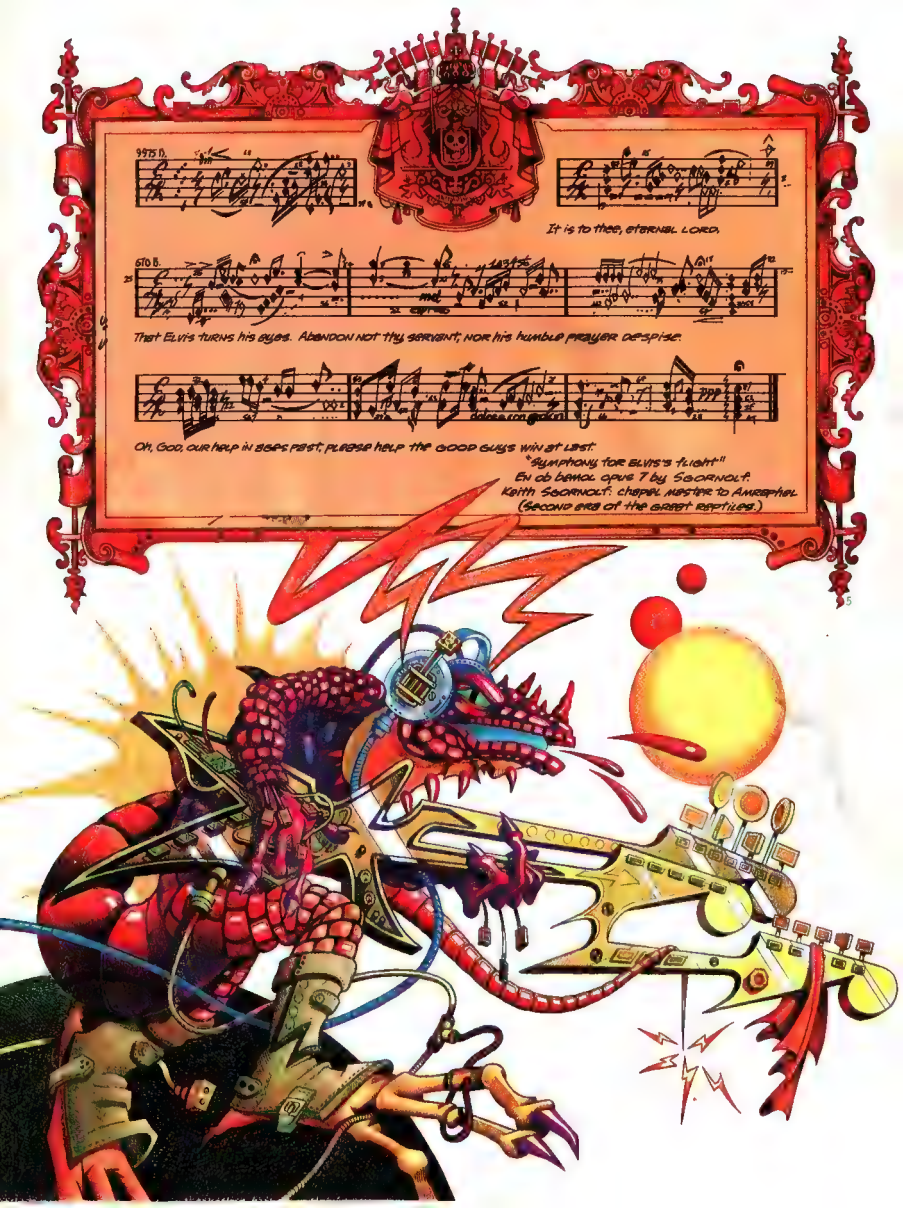
AL TARFF'S MUSHROOMS*

The king groveled before the people in mourning, and, accompanied by his faithful servant-the oldest in his service-he spoke thus:

Die, Elvis, die! May the cities where you set foot suffer eternal ruin! May all trace of them be destroyed. For my daughter, the virgin, who was promised to you, is mortally bereaved.

* *MUSHROOM SOUP

He replaced his faithful ministers (so say the sages) with a horde of pirates, sorcerers, and gypsies. The people complained, but he heard nothing.

Go, ye, even unto the ends of the earth!
Kill him by the sword!
Pour hot lead into his veins!
May the whores dive, swim, and splash about in his heart's blood!!
EX-BUMMUL MINISTER

It is to thee, eternal Lord,
That Elvis turns his eyes. Abandon not thy servant, nor his humble prayer despise.
Oh, God, our help in ages past, please help the good guys win at last!
"Symphony for Elvis's Flight"
En ob bemol opus 7 by Scornolf.
Keith Scornolf: chapel master to Amerphel
(second era of the great reptiles.)

In that time, Elvis fled far from the king, unto the very orient.

The "Horde with Eyes of Lead"–the very one that Amesphel had brought into being– destroyed the plain, and the cities, and all the inhabitants, and the plants of the land.

Elvis followed the river of echad toward the south. The king of Helab and the king of Peleth took flight. Their peoples wandered on the slopes of the roof of the world.

The "Horde with Eyes of Lead"—the very one that Amraphel had brought into being—pillaged all the wealth and all the provisions of the world. It carried off their goods and their mothers and their daughters.

Make haste, Elvis, and also make yourself scarce in their path. Amraphel has formed an alliance with the forces of the river. Together they merged as the rivers of Beer-Sheba.

Elvis cast his regard toward Schinbir, that kingdom by the sea, and there he saw smoke rising, as if from a mighty furnace. He saw the sorrow, the cities destroyed, where death had taken up his residence.

The "Horde with the Eyes of Lead"—the very one that Amraphel had brought into being—moved on, and the people were filled with a terrible fear. At the turn of the way, Amraphel cried out:

Elvi's prayed before the entrance of a cave...
Enter, my son.
He entered.
Your presence, Elvis, was revealed to me from the sound of the breath from your nostrils. May our eternal lord be prayed from now until eternity.

And even as Al Torff (man and mushroom) and his green hallucination were making a mess of stew, Elvis expressed himself in these words:

Al Torff handed him a ladle, and the fugitive did eat. Then he handed him a pipe, and the fugitive did smoke.

"Never before was such a thing seen in sciNear: for when the mushroom soup was digested, behold, there was a MIRACLE!"
(The Metamorphosis of Elvis. Book of the Gods. Chapter 5, Verse 4)

The "Horde with the Eyes of Lead"- the very one that Amraphel had brought into being- entered the cave. Elvis whispered:
Hide me, for pity's sake, I am filled with dread.
No one can harm you, my son, for you no longer possess a human form. (sic)

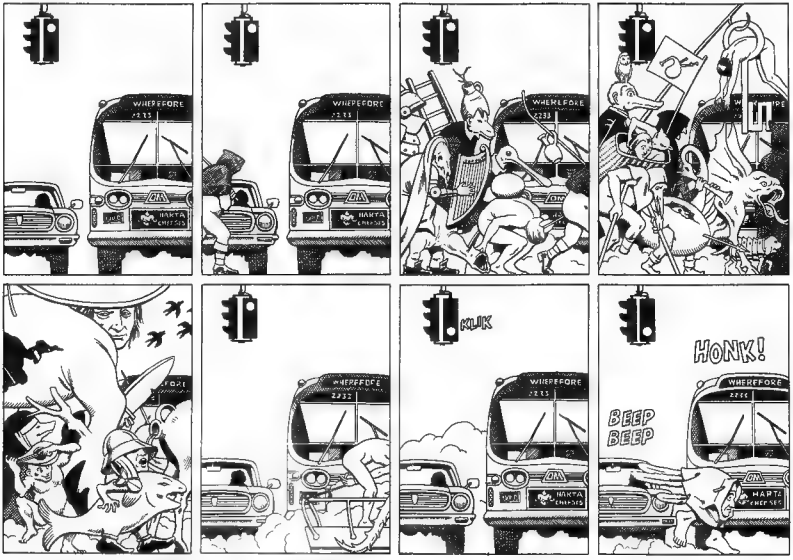
And while Amraphel and the Horde (the very one that Amraphel had brought into being) returned empty-handed, the animals of the field, humans as well as cattle, the birds of the heavens, as well as the fish of the sea, broke into song.

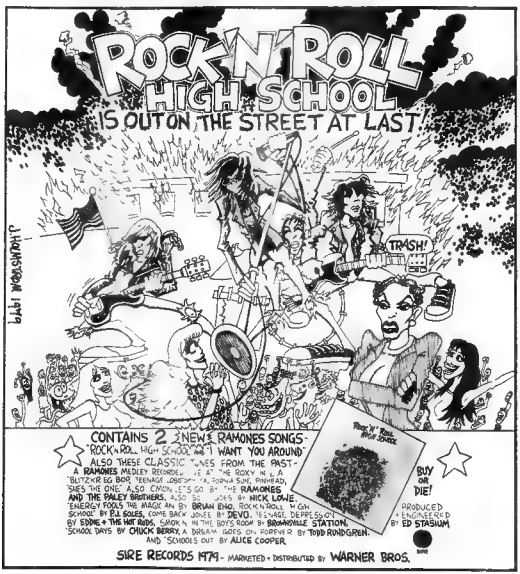
Elvis heard the earth singing and the very sap of the trees and the harvest itself. A dove took flight, coming and going, and behold, an olive branch was in it's beak.

The End

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©

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A WORLD BETWEEN

A WORLD BETWEEN

by Norman Spinrad

Riding the west wind on the edge of an onrushing thundersquall, Royce Lindblad sat bare-chested in the open cockpit of the *Davy Jones*, conning the sailboat by the tiller, the boomline, and the seat of his pants. Lightning hissed and crackled in the black thunderheads behind him, but no rain fell on the choppy, azure surface of the Island Sea. High above the single mast, a flock of bright yellow boomerbirds rode the same wind on their great motionless wings, hooting their good-natured defiance of the elements in tubalike tones. As long as the boomerbirds remained aloft, there was no imminent danger of the squall being transformed into a tornado, and therefore no need to retract mast and sail and go to power.

Unplugged from the net and his responsibilities by choice, Pacifica's minister of media was in no particular hurry to rush home to Carlotta and affairs of domestic life and state. Although it was only two hours from Gotham to Lorien Island, even under sail, time had a different meaning out here, you could expand or contract it at will. Flung across half a million square kilometers of shallow ocean, the thousands of isles that made up the Island Continent could be either the suburbs of Gotham or a vast outback of sea and sky and untouched beaches, depending upon your chosen speed.

Twelve million people, nearly a third of the planetary population, lived out here, none of them more than an hour and a half from the center of Gotham under powered flight. From a commuter's point of view, the towns on many of the larger islands and the private villas that hugged smaller bits of land were all a quick jump from each other and from the Pacifican capital. When the island of your nearest neighbor was only minutes away, you forgot that those minutes could be thirty kilometers of open sea. When you could jump from Gotham to the furthest island in the archipelago in under two hours, you forgot that the twelve million Islanders and all their works were but a thin dusting of humanity sprinkled over a virgin immensity of sea and wooded islands on a planet fifty light-years from the sun that gave their kind birth.

But down here on the surface of the sea, the Island Continent became a vast world, more empty than inhabited, more Pacifican than human, and you were a lone sailor on an alien sea, the clock of your mind keeping the oceanic time of wave and wind.

Horvath Island loomed fuzzily on the far horizon, and Royce thought he could make out the blue fusion flame of a liner coming north from Thule and arcing in for a landing at Lombard. As if to distract his attention from this reminder of the world of men, a big marinerdyle breached the surface not a hundred meters from his boat in a sudden explosion of foam. The huge reptile raised its spindly forelimbs into the air, and the translucent membranes of its twin sails unfurled and caught the wind with an audible snap, greeted by the hooting derision of the boomerbirds. Cupping the wind with its sails of skin with a precision and delicacy that Royce could not hope to match, the creature paced the boat for several minutes, and was pulling away when it finally sounded with a nose-thumbing flip of its great tail-flukes.

Royce adjusted his course, steering well clear of the powered traffic around Horvath Island and the liner port of Lombard. Beyond Horvath Island was a long sickle shaped chain of small islets with only half a dozen estates scattered among them, and in the middle of the chain, now about twenty five kilometers away, was Lorien.

Royce had homesteaded Lorien long before he met Carlotta Madigan. Carlotta had changed the vector of his life in most ways drawing him into orbit around her rising star. Carlotta might have been on her way to her first term as chairman even then, but if she wanted to share her bed with Royce Lindblad on a long-term basis, that bed was going to be on Lorien, not in that tower apartment smack in the middle of Gotham, where they had first met. They still kept the city apartment for convenience' sake, but Lorien was home—they had designed the house together, and Royce had insisted that the deed to the place be a joint contract. He was traditional enough to believe that a man must choose the home, even if his lady was destined to head the government. *Especially* if she was a power in the world—a bucko had to be king of the castle when the lights went out, didn't he?

Truth be told, the Island Continent was Royce's first love, something that perhaps only another child of Mainlanders could fully understand. His parents were wheat farmers in the rich lower Big Blue River valley, but even as a small boy, romances of the Island Continent had been his favorite entertainment channel fare. By the time he came into his citizen's stock at seventeen, he had sailed these seas thousands of times on the net and in his dreams, and he had long since known that on his seventeenth birthday he would put the mainland of Columbia behind him.

His father—a big, graceful man whose thoughts ran slow but deep—had understood this for a long time. That last afternoon, they had sat together on the mossy bluffs overlooking the Big Blue. Behind them, the yellow carpet of ripening wheat rippled contrasting textures in the breeze like ruffled velvet. Below them, the river poured between banks rich with kelly green Pacifican lawn moss. Spider webs of white cloud wisped across the sky. The air was golden with the perpetual warmth of the eternal Columbian summer. Hydrobarges laden with grain and vegetables from further upriver jetted down the river southeast toward Gotham, scoring the turquoise water with the white wakes of commerce. It was peaceful, it was beautiful, it was home, but—

"Don't be down, bucko," his father said. "You're only bluing it because you feel you should be. For your mother and me, or so you think."

"You don't feel I'm letting you down, Dad?"

His father shook his head and smiled. "This is *my* piece of the planet," he said. "This is what sings its song to me. You hear a tune from somewhere else, you've got to dance to it. It's a roomy planet, Royce. What sort of bucko would you be if you stuck yourself in one corner of it just because you happened to be born there? Look at me, *my* father was an engineer in Thule, and here I am. Now, if you were telling me you intended to go eat ice half your life, *then* I'd tell you you were whackers!"

They laughed in unison—men, together.

"You don't think I'm whackers for calling a place I've never been 'home'?" Royce asked.

"Ah, we're all whackers that way, now aren't we?" his father said. We all get itchy for somewhere else until we land someplace that scratches us right. And those islands, ah yeah, those islands—nothing like the Island Continent on any world I've ever heard of. You ever wonder why the Founders left 'em alone and put their roots down here in Columbia?"

"Now that you mention it—"

Royce thought he knew his history as well as the average Pacifican. The Founders had colonized Pacifica directly from Earth some three centuries ago, and for the first couple of generations, humans had stuck pretty much to their farms on the rich plains of eastern Columbia. But come to think of it, how *could* those people have stood on the shore, looking west across these flat plains, and east across the vast and mysterious sweep of the Island Continent and still have chosen to ignore the beauty and complexity of the great archipelago for the fertile sameness of the continental veldt?

"Well, I'll tell you what I think, bucko," his father said. "The Founders were people with a dream, and that was it." He spread his big arms wide. "Back where they came from, land like this was only a memory and a promise. So when they saw these plains, they knew they were home. But they were no simple folk, our ancestors. They were smart enough to invent electronic democracy and the net and all the rest of it. And they knew about dreams. They knew that people don't dream about where they grow up even if their parents

did. Maybe especially if their parents did...."

He hunkered forward and wrapped his arms around his knees, staring across the Big Blue at the far bank. "So what I think, Royce, is that they saw those islands, and they knew that their children, and their children's children, wouldn't dream of being farmers out here on the plains. So they left the Island Continent for someone else to dream about when their time came."

He stood up and put his arm around Royce's shoulder. "So I don't want you to dream my dream, bucko," he said. "It's right that you dream your own. That's what Pacifica's all about. That's why I'm going to be proud tomorrow when you leave for your islands. Hang loose, bucko, and listen to your own song."

Though no man could dance entirely to his own music around a woman like Carlotta Madigan, Royce had never forgotten that going-away present from his father. Though his father might have been an unsophisticated Mainlander in the eyes of Gothamites, he had still managed to teach Royce what it was to be a real bucko, a male human, subspecies Pacifican.

And out here on the open waters, holding the power of the wind through the boomline, the inertia of the sea through the tiller, and experiencing himself as the controlling interface between them, Royce always felt time, history, and karma slip away, paring him down to his essential maleness, reconnecting him to that young bucko saying his good-bye on the bank of the Big Blue.

For being a bucko was much like being a lone sailor on this protean sea. You could choose your wind, set your tiller against the resistance of your own karma; and by playing the two against each other, use both to propel you along the course set by your own will.

It was this bucko secret that Carlotta could never quite grasp. That was why they moved under power when they traveled between Gotham and Lorien together; and it was also why, despite her intelligence, her experience, her statecraft, and yes, her wisdom, it was he who conned their political boat through the quicksilver winds and currents of Pacifican electronic democracy. He had tried to teach her how to sail, but the trouble was that she had no feel for the art of tacking.

Now Horvath Island drifted by, far off to port. Clear of this human settlement, Royce changed course again, pointing his bow along a straight vector toward Lorien, the wind directly astern now, blowing him across the surface of the sea at maximum sailing speed, like the discrays that leapt clear of the wave crests and bounced along on their flat bellies.

Just as well that Carlotta isn't into this, Royce thought. A man shouldn't share everything with his lady, he's got to have a quiet place to hear his own song. Without that, there'd be nothing within him to give in the softness of the night. And that's what makes the world go round, bucko.

Carlotta plugged into the electronic universe of the Pacifican media network. The immediate ground-level world outside faded almost at once from the surface of her mind as her sensorium went multiplex and electronic. Through cameras, microphones, and screens, her sight and hearing became not only planetwide, but multiplex and compounded like the vision of an insect.

Suddenly, the strobing of the screens and the alert siren ceased. The agitated face of a youngish woman appeared on the private govchannel screen.

"Well?" Carlotta snapped. "Who the f--- are you? What's going on?"

"Laura Sunshine, Ministry of Media, Web Monitoring Bureau," the young woman said in a tightly-controlled voice. "We're getting a tachyon transmission from inside the solar system."

"What?" Carlotta grunted, her mind suddenly racing along in high gear. It made no sense. Modulated beams of faster-than-light tachyons were used strictly for interstellar communication; they were the medium of the Galactic Media Web. Tachyon transmission was much too expensive to use for shorter range communication; besides, Pacifica was the only habitable planet in this solar system.

Therefore, it had to be a starship from outside, and that was truly an historic event. The instantaneous tachyon transmissions of the Web held the human worlds together, but physical travel was restricted to sublight speeds, and the nearest inhabited solar system was a decade and a half away.

Furthermore, why would a starship wait until it was inside the Pacifican solar system to announce its impending arrival? Most starships carried would-be immigrants, and the standard procedure was to announce intentions from the home planet before the ship left, so that a welcome could be bought with rare items of interstellar trade — earthside life-form embryos and seeds, unique biologicals, secret technologies—covered by the world at journey's end. These things were negotiated beforehand, unless—*oh no!*

"Is this transmission in clear or in code?" Carlotta asked brusquely.

"In the clear," Laura Sunshine said. "And you're not going to like it."

"No shit," Carlotta muttered sardonically to herself. Then, aloud: "Plug me in, and for god's sake, scramble this circuit."

The govscreen went blank for a few moments and then a new face appeared on it: an older man with long, neat, steel-colored hair; an angular face with hard, brown eyes, and a great beak of a nose. He was wearing an all-too-familiar midnight blue tunic with a high, stiff collar edged in silver.

"I am Dr. Roger Falkenstein of the Transcendental Science Arkology *Heisenberg*," the man said in a cool, measured voice. "We are entering your solar system and will make orbit around Pacifica in twenty days. Our mission is peaceful and will greatly benefit your people. We intend to establish an Institute of Transcendental Science on Pacifica. As managing director of the *Heisenberg*, I request permission to land on your planet and open negotiations with your government."

The screen went blank for a moment and then Falkenstein reappeared. "I am Dr. Roger Falkenstein of the Transcendental Science Arkology *Heisenberg*...." The damned thing was a continuous tape-loop.

Angrily, Carlotta unplugged it and plugged in Laura Sunshine. "That's the whole thing?" she asked.

"That's it. They're transmitting it continuously," Laura Sunshine said. She grimaced nervously. "The Pink and Blue War?"

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" Carlotta said grimly. "Hold this circuit and plug into planetary observation. I'll see if we can get a visual."

She plugged in the planetary observation system, got a dark-haired young man on the obscreen. "This is the chairman," she said. "Scramble this circuit. Scramble another circuit to Laura Sunshine, Ministry of Media, Web Monitoring Bureau."

"Huh?" The young man gaped at her quizzically.

"Just do it," Carlotta snapped. "And remember, this is priority security, not a blatt to anyone."

On Tau Ceti, a colony of double-domed geniuses had founded the first Institute of Transcendental Science that began to spew forth a bottomless cornucopia of scientific wonders, or so they claimed; and then began to spread through the human worlds via perambulating artificial worldlets they called Arkologies, establishing new institutes wherever they went, promulgating their scientific vision of a hyperevolved *Homo galacticus*.

The Femocrats considered the Transcendental Scientists "fascho-chauvinist fausts" and the Transcendental Scientists considered the Femocrats "misguided primitives" several light-years beneath their intellectual contempt. Thus, the Pink and Blue War, an ideological conflict too silly to be taken seriously by sophisticated Pacificans, enlightened citizens of the media capital of the human galaxy.

Royce gazed out his window. The sun was beginning to set into the deepening blue of the sea. The western sky was a sheet of purpling orange flame, but toward the east, the heavens were already darkening, and the first bright stars of night were winking into existence as a flock of birds passed like shadows across the truncated disk of the setting sun. It was hard to imagine that up there in the galactic night strident voices were screaming godzilla-brained propaganda at each other; ideologues were subverting long-established cultures; a war of sorts was going on; and out there beyond his unaided vision, the Arkology *Heisenberg* was speeding toward Pacifica, bringing the whole unwanted mess to the planet that he loved, a harmonious world at peace with itself. ○

ELRIC

THIS IS THE TALE OF ELRIC, BEFORE HE WAS CALLED WOMANSLAYER, BEFORE THE FINAL COLLAPSE OF MELNIBONE. THIS IS THE TALE OF HIS RIVALRY WITH HIS COUSIN YYRKOON AND HIS LOVE FOR HIS COUSIN CYMORIL, BEFORE THAT RIVALRY AND THAT LOVE BROUGHT IMRRYR, THE DREAMING CITY, CRASHING IN FLAMES, RAPED BY THE REAVERS FROM THE YOUNG KINGDOMS

THIS IS THE TALE OF THE TWO BLACK SWORDS, STORMBRINGER AND MOURNBLADE, AND HOW THEY WERE DISCOVERED AND WHAT PART THEY PLAYED IN THE DESTINY OF ELRIC OF MELNIBONE—A DESTINY THAT WAS TO SHAPE A LARGER DESTINY THAT OF THE WORLD ITSELF. MUCH OF THIS TALE ELRIC HIMSELF WAS TO REMEMBER ONLY IN HIS NIGHTMARES.

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ELRIC WAS THE ONLY SON OF THE GREAT SADRIC, WHOSE WIFE HAD DIED GIVING ELRIC BIRTH. SADRIC HAD LOVED HIS EMPRESS AND HAD BEEN UNABLE TO FIND PLEASURE IN ANY OTHER COMPANY, EVEN THAT OF THE SON, WHO WAS ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF HER.

BY MAGIC POTIONS AND THE CHANTING OF RUNES, BY RARE HERBS HAD THIS SON BEEN NURTURED, HIS STRENGTH SUSTAINED ARTIFICIALLY BY EVERY ART KNOWN TO THE SORCERER KINGS OF THE DRAGON ISLE. AND HE HAD LIVED ... THANKS TO SORCERY ALONE.

IF THE YOUNG EMPEROR ELRIC HAD FOUND ANY ADVANTAGE IN HIS LIFELONG WEAKNESS, IT MUST HAVE BEEN IN THAT, PERFORCE, HE HAD READ MUCH BEFORE HE WAS FIFTEEN, HE HAD READ EVERY BOOK IN HIS FATHER'S LIBRARY, SOME MORE THAN ONCE. HIS SORCEROUS POWERS, LEARNED INITIALLY FROM SADRIC, HAD BECOME GREATER THAN ANY POSSESSED BY HIS ANCESTORS FOR MANY A GENERATION. IF HE HAD WISHED, HE COULD HAVE RESURRECTED THE DRAGON ISLE'S FORMER MIGHT AND RULED BOTH HIS OWN LAND AND THE YOUNG KINGDOMS WITH AN IRON-GLOVED FIST. BUT HIS READING HAD ALSO TAUGHT HIM TO QUESTION THE USES TO WHICH POWER IS PUT, TO QUESTION HIS MOTIVES, EVEN TO QUESTION WHETHER HIS OWN POWER SHOULD BE USED AT ALL.

THE YOUNG EMPEROR'S ATTITUDE WAS FURTHER COMPLICATED BY THE FACT THAT CYMORIL, A WOMAN WHO THE ALBINO CONSIDERED THE CLOSEST OF HIS FRIENDS AND DESTINED ONE DAY TO BECOME HIS EMPRESS, WAS THE SISTER OF YYRKOON, WHO MADE PRECIOUS LITTLE SECRET OF HIS HEART HELD BELIEF THAT IT WAS YYRKOON WHO SHOULD BE EMPEROR

YYRKOON SEIZED THE MOMENT TO ACT ON HIS FEELINGS WHEN TWO SPIES WERE CAPTURED AND PUT TO TORTURE. THEY TOLD OF A PIRATE FLEET THE YOUNG KINGDOMS HAD ASSEMBLED TO RAID THE DREAMING CITY. ELRIC THOUGHT THEM MERELY FOOLISH, BUT FACED WITH YYRKOON'S TAUNTS AND CHALLENGES, HE DECIDED HE WOULD BE THE ONE WHO WOULD LEAD THE GREAT DRAGON BARGES OUT TO MEET THE PIRATES. YYRKOON, HIS SECOND IN COMMAND, LOOKED RAPACIOUSLY TO THIS LITTLE WAR THE BARBARIANS OFFERED FOR THE OPPORTUNITIES IT WOULD OFFER HIM TO FURTHER HIS IMPERIAL AMBITIONS

ONCE THE GOLDEN BARGES WERE THROUGH THE GROTTO OF MAZES THAT PROTECTED MELNIBONE'S HARBOR, THEY PROVED TO BE QUITE FAST AND MANEUVERABLE. DESPITE THEIR MASSIVE SCALE THE FLEET OF MELNIBONE, FORTY STRONG, MET AND SURPRISED THE REAVER FLEET. WITH THE AID OF A MYSTIC FOG CREATED BY YYRKOON, A GREAT AND BLOODY BATTLE WAS JOINED, AND ELRIC MORE THAN SEVERAL TIMES PROVED HIS IMPERIAL FIGHTING SKILL. YYRKOON BEHIND HIM GRINNING AS HE TOO STRUCK DOWN THE HALF TERRORIZED BARBARIANS. THE PIRATES SAW MUCH OF THEIR ARMADA DISAPPEAR INTO THE BURNING CRIMSON WATERS. THE REMAINING SHIPS BROKE FOR THE OCEAN AND ESCAPED.

NORMALLY, THE FLYING DRAGONS OF MELNIBONE WOULD HAVE PURSUED THEM, SPITTING OUT THEIR UNQUENCHABLE FLAMES, BUT THEY HAD NOT HAD ENOUGH REST SINCE THEIR LAST BATTLE, AND THUS THEY SLUMBERED, NOT TO BE AWAKENED.

IT WAS BLOOD-LUSTING YYRKOON WHO INSISTED ON NOT LETTING A SINGLE BARBARIAN SHIP SURVIVE.

ELRIC, PHYSICALLY WEAKENED AND MENTALLY BORED OF THIS UNEQUAL MATCH, FELT FORCED TO PROVE HIMSELF, IF ONLY TO YYRKOON AND TO HIS PEOPLE. IT WAS DURING THIS SECOND ENGAGEMENT WITH THE DESPERATE PIRATES THAT YYRKOON DISCOVERED ELRIC, BURIED BENEATH SEVERAL DEAD REAVERS IN A NEAR-UNCONSCIOUS STATE, HIS DRUGS AND POTIONS EXHAUSTED, HIS SWORD BLOODIED TO THE HILT

YYRKOON GRINNED AT HIS COUSIN'S HELPLESSNESS AND UNCEREMONIOUSLY SHOVED ELRIC OVER THE SIDE. ELRIC SANK RAPIDLY, FOR HE HAD NOT THE STRENGTH TO SWIM, AND THE WEIGHT OF HIS ARMOR DENIED ANY HOPE OF FLOATING

THEN ELRIC BEGAN TO FEEL ALMOST GRATEFUL TO HIS COUSIN. HIS WEARISOME, QUESTIONING LIFE WAS OVER. AS THE LAST OF HIS BREATH LEFT HIS BODY, HE GAVE HIMSELF WHOLLY TO THE SEA; TO STRAASHA, LORD OF ALL THE WATER ELEMENTALS, AND AS HE DID THIS, HE REMEMBERED THE OLDEN WORDS THAT HIS ANCESTORS HAD USED TO SUMMON STRAASHA. THE SPELL CAME UNBIDDEN INTO HIS DYING BRAIN.

IT SEEMED A LONG WHILE LATER HE OPENED HIS EYES AND BEHELD THE FISH-LIKE PERSONAGE OF STRAASHA, AND THE LORD OF THE SEA SPOKE, *"YOU CALLED TO ME. OUR DESTINIES ARE BOUND TOGETHER ...HOW MAY I AID THEE?"*

ELRIC COULD NOT BELIEVE WHAT HE SAW AND HEARD. CERTAINLY IT WAS A DREAM.

FINALLY ELRIC SPOKE, *"I DID NOT SUMMON THEE. I AM HAPPY TO DROWN!"*

"THAT CANNOT BE. IF YOUR MIND SUMMONED US, IT MEANS YOU WISH TO LIVE."

ELRIC THOUGHT AGAIN, THEN SAID, *" PERHAPS THEN, IF YOU ARE REAL, I WOULD LIKE TO RETURN TO MELNIBONE AND TAKE VENGEANCE ON MY COUSIN YYRKOON AND SAVE MY BELOVED CYMORIL FROM HIM."* AT THAT, THE SEA KING ROSE FROM HIS THRONE OF MILKY JADE AND FLOWED TOWARD ELRIC, LIFTING HIM UP IN STRONG, GREEN ARMS.

"WE SHALL MEET AGAIN BEFORE YOUR LIFE ENDS, ELRIC. I HOPE THAT I SHALL BE ABLE TO AID YOU ONCE MORE. BUT BEWARE OF GODS, ELRIC BEWARE OF THE LORDS OF THE HIGHER WORLDS AND REMEMBER THAT THEIR AID AND THEIR GIFTS MUST ALWAYS BE PAID FOR."

THESE WERE THE LAST FATE FILLED WORDS ELRIC HEARD THE SEA KING SPEAK BEFORE HE FOUND HIMSELF DEPOSITED ON THE SHORES OF MELNIBONE.

MEANWHILE, MARCHING AT THE HEAD OF HIS ARMY, YYRKOOON STRUTTED FOR THE TOWER OF D'ARPUTNA, THE TOWER OF EMPERORS. IN ECSTASY, ALMOST BLINDLY, DID THE PRETENDER ENTER THE TOWER AND MOUNT THE STEPS TO THE RUBY THRONE ITSELF. BUT BEFORE HE LOOKED AT THE THRONE, HE HEARD DYVIM TVAR GASP, AND HIS GAZE WENT SUDDENLY TO THE RUBY THRONE. HIS JAW SLACKENED AT WHAT HE SAW. FOR A CLOAKED FIGURE SAT UPON "HIS" THRONE! *"'TIS MINE! MINE! THE THRONE BELONGS TO YYRKOON. YYRKOON IS EMPEROR NOW! WHO ARE YOU?"*

THE CLOAK COWL FELL BACK AND A BONE-WHITE FACE, SURROUNDED BY FLOWING, MILK-WHITE HAIR WAS REVEALED. CRIMSON EYES STARED COOLY AT THE SHRIEKING, STUMBLING YYRKOON.

"YOU ARE DEAD, ELRIC! I KNOW YOU ARE DEAD!"

A THIN SMILE APPEARED ON ELRIC'S WHITE LIPS AND HE SAID, *"WHY DID YOU SLAY ME, COUSIN?"*

"BECAUSE IT IS MY RIGHT TO RULE. BECAUSE YOU ARE NOT STRONG ENOUGH, NOR CRUEL, NOR HUMOROUS ENOUGH..."

"IS THIS NOT A GOOD JOKE, COUSIN?"

YYRKOON CHOKED ON HIS WORDS, PUZZLED BY ELRIC'S SURVIVAL. *"I THOUGHT YOU HAD VOWED NOT TO USE YOUR POWERS OF SORCERY?"*

ELRIC ANSWERED, *"BUT YOU THOUGHT THAT A VOW THAT WAS UNBEFITTING A MONARCH OF MELNIBONE, DID YOU NOT? WELL, NOW I AGREE WITH YOU. YOU SEE, YYRKOON, YOU HAVE WON A VICTORY AFTER ALL!"*

YYRKOON STARED NARROWLY AT ELRIC, AS IF TRYING TO DIVINE A SECRET MEANING BEHIND ELRIC'S WORDS. *"YOU WILL BRING BACK THE CHAOS LORDS?"*

"NO, COUSIN, NO SORCERER, HOWEVER POWERFUL, CAN SUMMON THE LORDS OF CHAOS OR LAW IF THEY DO NOT WISH TO BE SUMMONED. THAT, YOU YOURSELF KNOW. HAVE YOU NOT TRIED? AND ARIOCH DID NOT COME, DID HE? NEITHER DID HE BRING YOU THE GIFT YOU SOUGHT ..THE TWO BLACK SWORDS?"

"YOU...KNOW THAT?"

"NO, I MERELY GUESSED. BUT NOW I KNOW!"

ONCE CYMORIL AND ELRIC WERE REUNITED UPON THE RUBY THRONE, ELRIC PRONOUNCED SENTENCE ON THE TRAITORS. THEY WOULD NOT DIE QUICKLY, AND YYRKOON WOULD FIRST CONSUME THE FLESH OF HIS COCONSPIRATORS: *"AND LET IT BEGIN AT TONIGHT'S DINNER FEAST!"* YYRKOON TREMBLED AS HE WAS LED AWAY, BUT CYMORIL AND DYVIM TVAR EXPRESSED FEARS THAT EVEN AN HOUR OR TWO WAS TIME ENOUGH FOR YYRKOON TO COUNTERPLOT: *"SEND SOLDIERS AND KILL HIM NOW!"*

BUT ELRIC WAS WEARY. *"I MUST TRY TO REST BEFORE THE EVENING FESTIVITIES."* CYMORIL COULD SEE THE TORMENT IN HIS EYES AND WENT BACK TO HER TOWER TO PREPARE HERSELF.

ELRIC DID NOT REST, BUT PACED HIS BEDROOM CHAMBER UNTIL IT WAS TIME TO APPEAR AT THE FEAST. HE SENT FOR CYMORIL, DYVIM TVAR, AND THE PRISONERS, BUT THEY DID NOT APPEAR. UNTIL SUDDENLY, DYVIM CAME, CRAWLING, GASPING AND BLOODY. HIS FACE WAS FULL OF HORROR. *"IT IS YYRKOON'S SORCERY! HE CONJURED THE GROANING MIST TO AID HIM IN HIS ESCAPE. I TRIED TO FOLLOW, BUT THE MIST ENGULFED ME. I LOST MY SENSES!"*

"CYMORIL? WHERE IS SHE?"

"HE TOOK HER, ELRIC. SHE IS WITH HIM, AS ARE A HUNDRED WARRIORS WHO REMAINED SECRETLY LOYAL TO HIM."

"THEN WE MUST PURSUE THEM! AWAKEN THE DRAGONS!"

"YOU CAN DO NOTHING AGAINST THE MIST, MY LORD. AHI IT APPROACHES EVEN NOW!"

ELRIC TRIED TO DISPERSE THE MIST WITH HIS ARMS, BUT ITS MELANCHOLY GROANING FILLED HIS EARS, ITS HIDEOUS COLORS BLINDED HIS EYES. HE BEGAN TO HEAR VOICES. *"ELRIC IS WEAK. ELRIC IS FOOLISH. ELRIC MUST DIE!"*

"CYMORIL," HE CRIED, *"CYMORIL!"* AND HE SAW THE FACE OF CYMORIL, WHO LEERED AT HIM AND MOCKED HIM. HER FACE HAD AGED — THE FLESH FALLEN AWAY UNTIL ONLY A SKULL REMAINED AGAIN HE HAD IGNORED CYMORIL'S ADVICE CONCERNING HER BROTHER AND AGAIN SHE WAS IN DANGER. HIS FINAL THOUGHT WAS A SIMPLE ONE:

"I AM NOT FIT TO LIVE." AND THEN HE COLLAPSED.

WHEN ELRIC FINALLY RECOVERED FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE GROANING MIST, HE ORDERED EVERY MAN AVAILABLE TO SEARCH OUT YYRKOON. *"EVEN THE DRAGONS MUST BE STIRRED FROM THEIR SLUMBER, AND EQUIP THE GOLDEN BARGES THEY MUST FIND CYMORIL!"* MONTHS PASSED, BUT YYRKOON'S MAGIC OF CONCEALMENT WAS TOO STRONG FOR THEM TO LOCATE, EVEN A TRACE.

ELRIC CONSULTED WITH THE GRIMOIRES AND EXPERIMENTED WITH NEW DRUGS TO INCREASE HIS STRENGTH. AND AT LAST, WHEN HE THOUGHT HIMSELF PREPARED, HE ORDERED ALL SERVANTS AWAY AND LOCKED HIMSELF IN HIS QUARTERS. WHEN HE HAD MEDITATED FOR MORE THAN FIVE HOURS, ELRIC TOOK A BRUSH AND A JAR OF INK AND PAINTED THE FLOOR AND WALLS WITH COMPLICATED SYMBOLS.

THEN ELRIC SENT HIS MIND INTO TWISTING TUNNELS OF LOGIC, ACROSS ENDLESS PLANES OF IDEAS, THROUGH MOUNTAINS OF SYMBOLISM, AND ENDLESS UNIVERSES OF ALTERNATE TRUTHS, FURTHER AND FURTHER. WORDS BEGAN TO SLIP OUT. ONE OF THEM WAS . . . *"ARIOCH"!*

ARIOCH, THE PATRON DEMON OF ELRIC'S ANCESTORS, ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL OF ALL THE DUKES OF HELL. IT WAS ARIOCH WHO WAS KNOWN AS THE KEEPER OF THE TWO UNEARTHLY BLACK SWORDS.

"ARIOCH, I SUMMON THEE!" ELRIC BEGAN TO HOWL IN A RHYTHMIC, FRAGMENTED TONE. FINALLY EXHAUSTED, HE STOPPED, CERTAIN HE HAD FAILED. SUDDENLY, A FLY ENTERED THE CHAMBER, TOUCHING SEVERAL OF THE PAINTED RUNES. FROM HIS HOARSE THROAT, ELRIC WAS ABLE TO UTTER BUT ONE WORD . . . *"ARIOCH?"*

AND A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH STOOD WHERE THE FLY HAD BEEN, WITH EYES THAT CONTAINED ANCIENT AND CONFIDENT EVIL.

"ELRIC," HE SMILED, *"YOU ALONE ARE FIT TO SERVE ARIOCH. IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I WAS INVITED TO THIS PLANE, BUT NOW THAT I AM HERE, I SHALL AID YOU, ELRIC. I SHALL BECOME YOUR PATRON. I SHALL PROTECT YOU AND GIVE YOU STRENGTH, THOUGH MASTER I BE, AND SLAVE YOU BE."*

ELRIC SHUDDERED WITH TERROR AT THE IMPLICATIONS OF ARIOCH'S WORDS, BUT SAID, *"HOW MAY I SERVE YOU, LORD OF CHAOS?"*

"FOR NOW, YOU WILL SERVE ME BY SERVING YOURSELF. I SHALL CALL UPON YOU AT OTHER TIMES. BUT YOU MUST SWEAR TO SERVE ME OR I CANNOT HELP YOU."

ELRIC HESITATED, THEN . . . *"I SWEAR."*

ARIOCH THEN REVEALED WHY YYRKOON SEEMED SO WELL HIDDEN. *"HE HAS THE MIRROR OF MEMORY, A MAGICAL DEVICE THAT TAKES THE MEMORY OF THOSE WHO LOOK INTO IT. THUS ANYONE WHO VENTURES INTO THE CITY WHERE IT IS KEPT FORGETS THAT HE HAS SEEN PRINCE YYRKOON."*

DIRECTED BY ARIOCH, ELRIC JOURNEYED TO YYRKOON'S COASTAL HIDEAWAY, THEN CIRCLED HIS ARMY INLAND, IN ORDER TO TAKE THE CITY BY SURPRISE. YYRKOON, HOWEVER, WAS NOT FOOLED AND DIRECTED THE MIRROR AT ELRIC'S ARMY AS IT APPROACHED.

ELRIC, TOO, HAD PREPARED FOR THIS. HIS ARMY WAS COMPOSED OF BLINDED VETERANS OF PAST CAMPAIGNS. IT WAS THESE SOLDIERS WHO WOULD LEAD THE ATTACK, USING THEIR OTHER SENSES TO STRIKE, WHILE ELRIC AND HIS COMMANDERS SHIELDED THEIR EYES.

YYRKOON'S MEN COULD NOT STOP THE ASSAULT AND TRIED TO RETREAT, ONLY TO LOSE THEIR OWN MEMORIES. CYMORIL WAS GIVEN NEW HOPE OF RESCUE, BUT IT WAS NOT TO BE. BEFORE ELRIC COULD ARRIVE, YYRKOON PUT CYMORIL INTO A MAGICAL SLEEP, THEN ORDERED THE MIRROR TO BE DESTROYED, AS HE MADE HIS ESCAPE TO ANOTHER PLANE.

THE EFFECTS OF THE SHATTERING MIRROR WERE DEAFENING, AS A MILLION MEMORIES WERE RELEASED. A SOUND SO SHRILL THAT IT NEARLY KILLED EVERYONE AROUND IT. ELRIC WAS ONE OF THE FEW SURVIVORS, BUT HE HAD BEEN THWARTED AGAIN. CYMORIL COULD NOT BE AROUSED FROM THE SPELL, AND ELRIC KNEW NOT WHERE YYRKOON HAD ESCAPED TO.

ELRIC INVOKED ARIOCH ONCE MORE, AND ONCE MORE ARIOCH RESPONDED. IT WAS THROUGH THE SHADE GATE THAT YYRKOON HAD GONE. *"I MUST FOLLOW HIM, FOR ONLY HE CAN AWAKEN HER."*

AND ARIOCH REPLIED, *"FOLLOW YOU SHALL. FOR YYRKOON HAS GONE TO FIND THE TWIN RUNE BLADES, AND WHOSOEVER DOES THAT WILL BECOME THE MOST POWERFUL OF MORTALS. YOUR DESTINY BECKONS, ELRIC, SO GO AND FIND IT!"*

ELRIC'S MIND BEGAN TO SWIRL AND EDDY. HE FELT NAUSEOUS. ALL AROUND HIM SEEMED TO BE THE VERY FABRIC OF CHAOS!
AND THEN SOLID GROUND. . . BUT SUCH A LANDSCAPE. BARREN AND SCORCHED, A BATTLEFIELD OF THE GODS PERHAPS? IT WAS A LAND DRAINED OF ALL LIFE. ELRIC WALKED AWHILE, THEN THOUGHT HE HEARD A SOUND. . .
"I AM ELRIC OF MELNIBONE, STRANGER HERE."
"THAT WAS NOT MEANT TO HARM YOU BUT TO DISPLAY MY SKILL. IN CASE YOU CONSIDERED HARMING ME. I HAVE HAD MY FILL OF DEMONS IN THIS WORLD AND YOU LOOK LIKE THE MOST DANGEROUS DEMON OF ALL. WHITEFACE!"
A REPLY CAME IN THE FORM OF AN ARROW, WHISTLING PAST HIS HELM.
"NO, I AM MORTAL."
"AND I AM RACKHIR THE RED ARCHER, WARRIOR-PRIEST OF PHUM, EXILED HERE FOR REFUSING TO SERVE THE LORDS OF CHAOS."

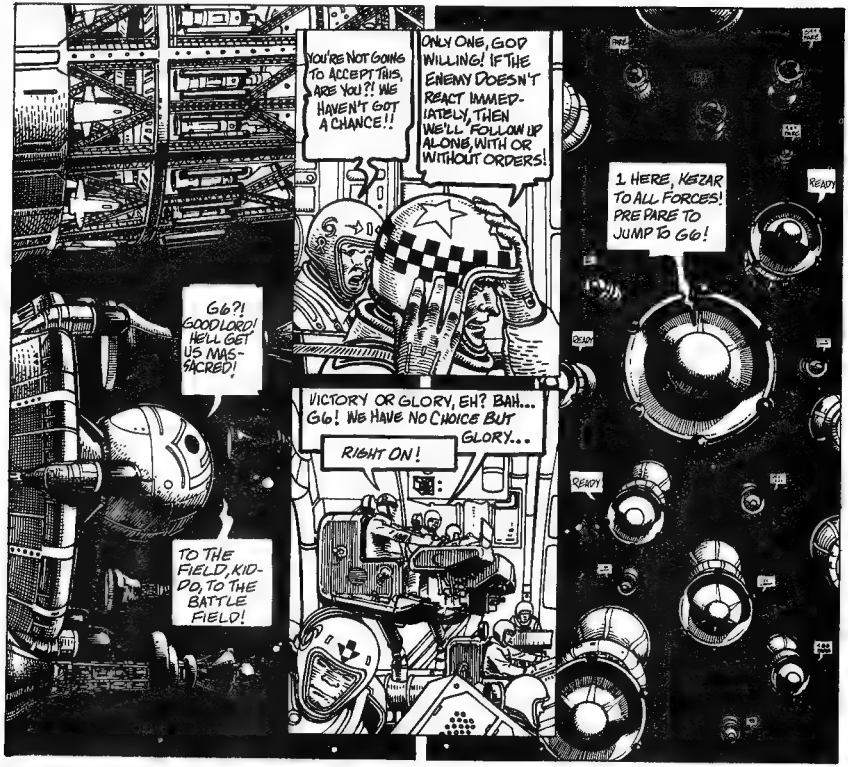
ELRIC EXPLAINED HIS OWN PREDICAMENT AND HIS DESPERATE QUEST TO LOCATE THE TWIN RUNE BLADES BEFORE HIS COUSIN DID SO. AS RACKHIR LISTENED HE FOUND IT HARD TO DISLIKE ELRIC.
THERE WAS ONLY ONE PLACE ON THIS FORSAKEN WORLD THAT COULD BE THE HOUSING OF SUCH BLADES AS ELRIC SOUGHT.... AN ENORMOUS MONUMENT CONNECTED TO THE LAND BY ONLY A THIN, CROOKED EARTHEN TRAIL.
ONCE INSIDE THE BIZARRELY DESIGNED STRUCTURE, A CORRIDOR LED THEM DOWN DEEP BENEATH THE EARTH. IT WAS SLIMY TO THE TOUCH, AND THEY FELT AS IF THEY HAD BEEN SWALLOWED ALIVE. FOR THE CAVERN PULSED AND SEEMED TO BREATHE.
ALL OF ELRIC'S ATTENTION WAS REQUIRED TO FORCE HIMSELF FORWARD. HE WAS CONSUMED BY TERROR. HIS WHOLE BODY SHOOK. HIS LEGS THREATENED TO BUCKLE UNDER HIM. BUT STILL HE STUMBLED ON.
AT THE TUNNEL'S END A BRIGHT LIGHT SHOWN THROUGH A SMALL OPENING THAT ALSO SEEMED ALIVE. RACKHIR DID NOT THINK IT LARGE ENOUGH FOR A MAN, BUT ELRIC KNEW HE MUST ENTER.

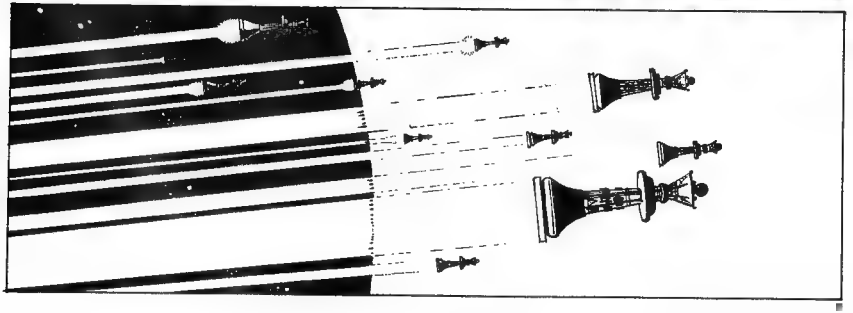
THE WALLS GAVE WAY AND NOW HE STOOD INSIDE THE PULSING CAVERN. AND IN THE CENTER OF THE CAVERN, HANGING IN THE AIR WITHOUT ANY SUPPORT, WERE TWO IDENTICAL SWORDS. HUGE AND FINE AND BLACK AND STANDING BENEATH THE SWORDS, GLOATING AND GREEDY, STOOD PRINCE YYRKOON.
"THE DEMON MUST DIE!"
"YOUR LIFE IS IN DANGER, RACKHIR. LEAVE THIS CHAMBER, GO!"
"NOW, YYRKOON, WE MUST SETTLE THIS, YOU AND I."
"MORTAL WEAPONS ARE USELESS HERE."
"RACKHIR, YOU SHOULD NOT BE HERE."
AND THEN THE RUNE BLADES WERE GONE FROM WHERE THEY HAD HUNG FOR SO LONG. STORMBRINGER APPEARED IN ELRIC'S RIGHT HAND, MOURNBLADE IN YYRKOON'S LEFT HAND.
THE SWORDS BEGAN TO MOAN SWEETLY AND POWER SURGED INTO THEIR WIELDERS.

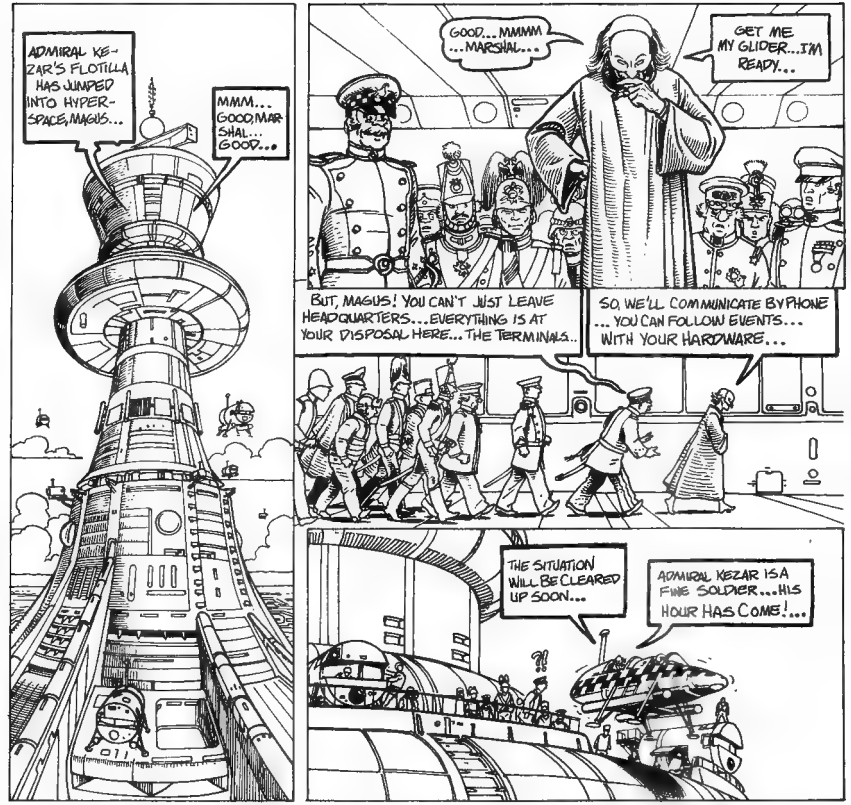
to be continued

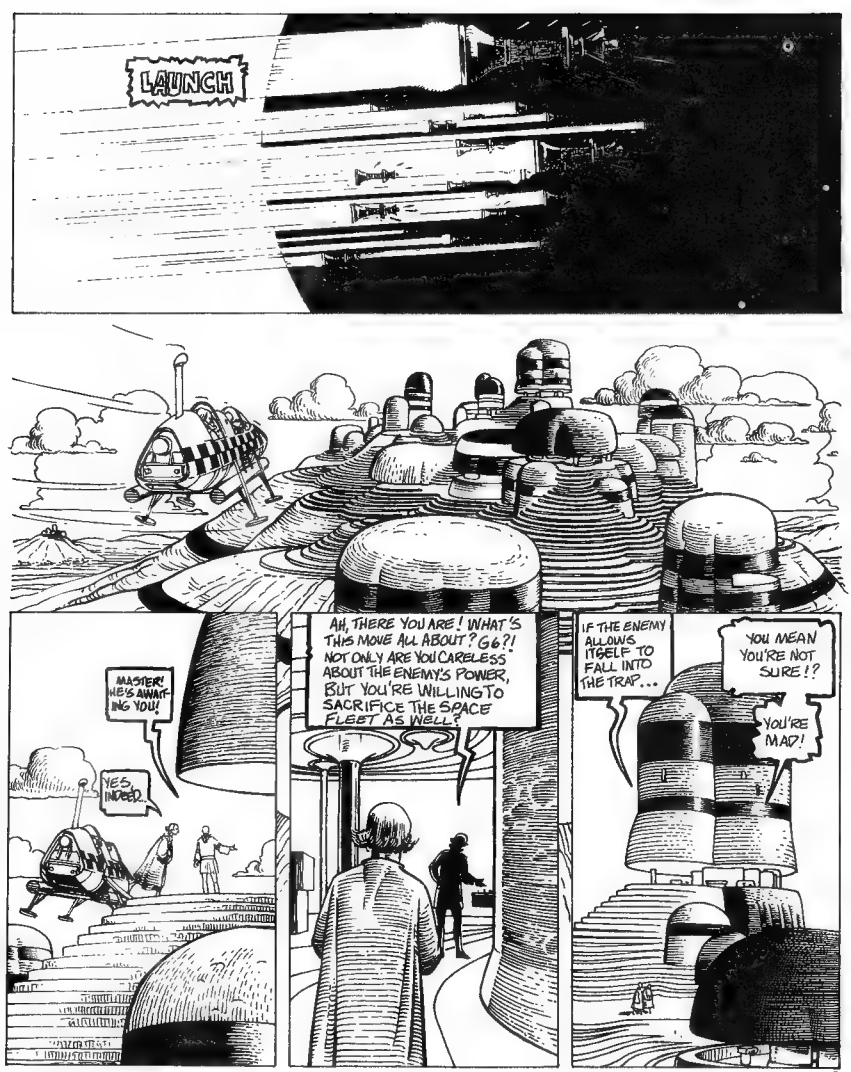
ONLY CONNECT - THE SPIRIT OF THE GAME

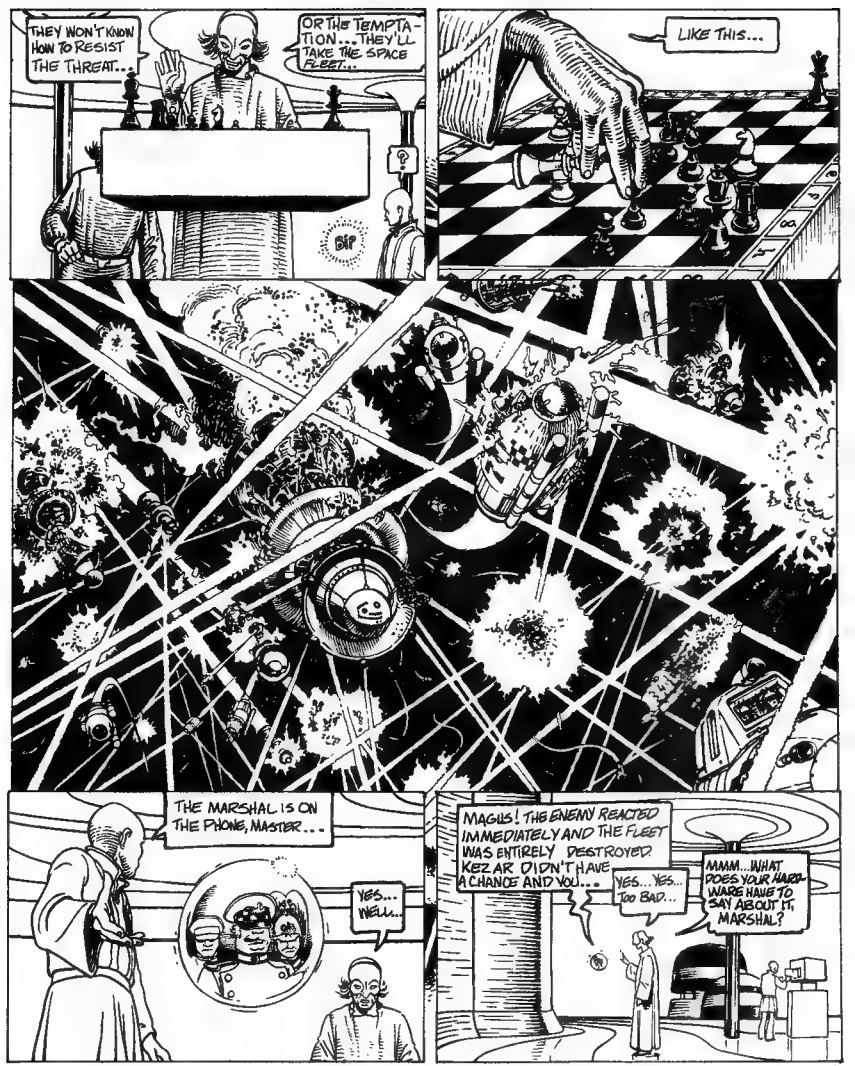
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24


YOU'RE NOT GOING TO ACCEPT THIS, ARE YOU?! WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!!
ONLY ONE, GOD WILLING! IF THE ENEMY DOESN'T REACT IMMEDIATELY, THEN WE'LL FOLLOW UP ALONE, WITH OR WITHOUT ORDERS!
1 HERE, KEZAR TO ALL FORCES! PREPARE TO JUMP TO G6!
READY
READY
READY
G6?! GOODLORD! HE'LL GET US MASSACRED!
VICTORY OR GLORY, EH? BAH... G6! WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT GLORY...
RIGHT ON!
TO THE FIELD, KIDDO, TO THE BATTLE FIELD!

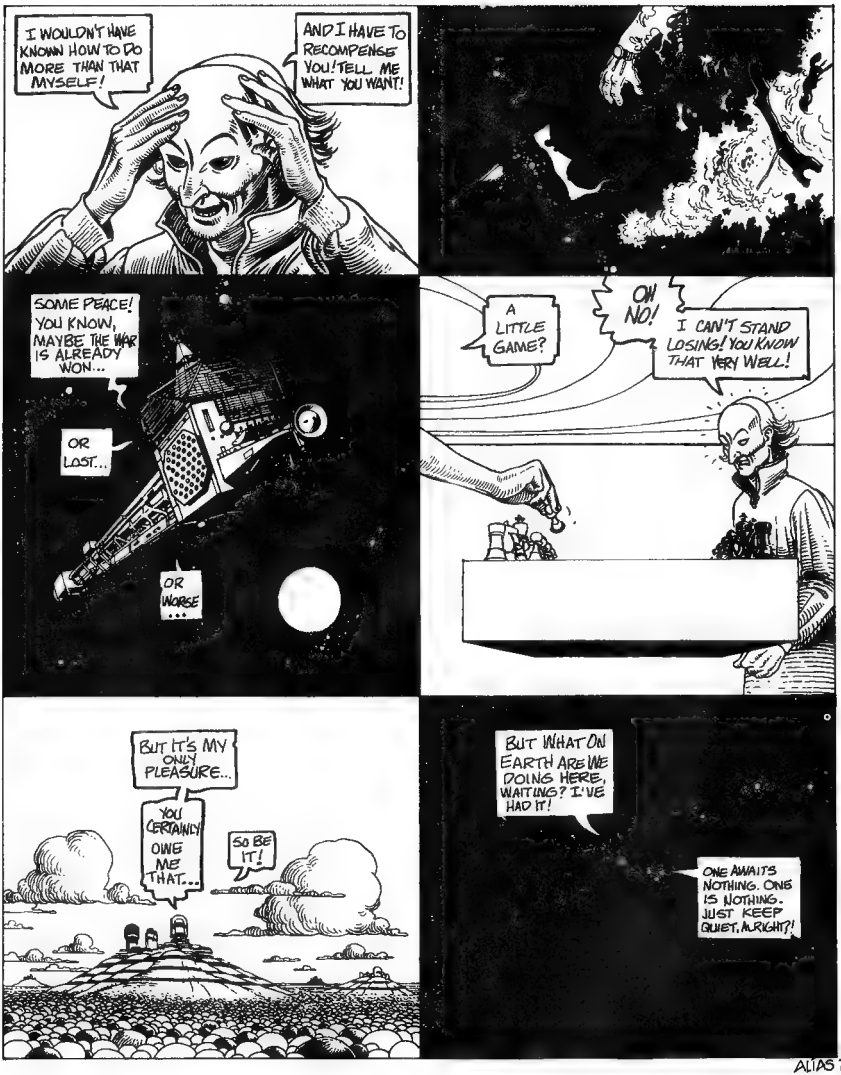



ADMIRAL KEZAR'S FLOTILLA HAS JUMPED INTO HYPER-SPACE, MAGUS...
MMM... GOOD, MARSHAL... GOOD...
GOOD... MMMM ...MARSHAL...
GET ME MY GLIDER... I'M READY...
BUT, MAGUS! YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE HEADQUARTERS... EVERYTHING IS AT YOUR DISPOSAL HERE... THE TERMINALS..
SO, WE'LL COMMUNICATE BY PHONE ... YOU CAN FOLLOW EVENTS... WITH YOUR HARDWARE...
THE SITUATION WILL BE CLEARED UP SOON...
ADMIRAL KEZAR IS A FINE SOLDIER... HIS HOUR HAS COME!...
?!
1 HERE, KEZAR TO ALL FORCES ... DISPERSE AT THRESHOLD...
WE ENTER G6 IN FIVE SECONDS. READY TO LAUNCH INFANTRY...


LAUNCH
MASTER! HE'S AWAITING YOU!
YES, INDEED.
AH, THERE YOU ARE! WHAT'S THIS MOVE ALL ABOUT? G6?! NOT ONLY ARE YOU CARELESS ABOUT THE ENEMY'S POWER, BUT YOU'RE WILLING TO SACRIFICE THE SPACE FLEET AS WELL?
IF THE ENEMY ALLOWS ITSELF TO FALL INTO THE TRAP...
YOU MEAN YOU'RE NOT SURE!?
YOU'RE MAD!


THEY WON'T KNOW HOW TO RESIST THE THREAT...
OR THE TEMPTATION...THEY'LL TAKE THE SPACE FLEET...
?
BIP
LIKE THIS...
THE MARSHAL IS ON THE PHONE, MASTER...
YES... WELL...
MAGUS! THE ENEMY REACTED IMMEDIATELY AND THE FLEET WAS ENTIRELY DESTROYED! KEZAR DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE AND YOU...
YES...YES... TOO BAD...
MMM...WHAT DOES YOUR HARDWARE HAVE TO SAY ABOUT IT, MARSHAL?

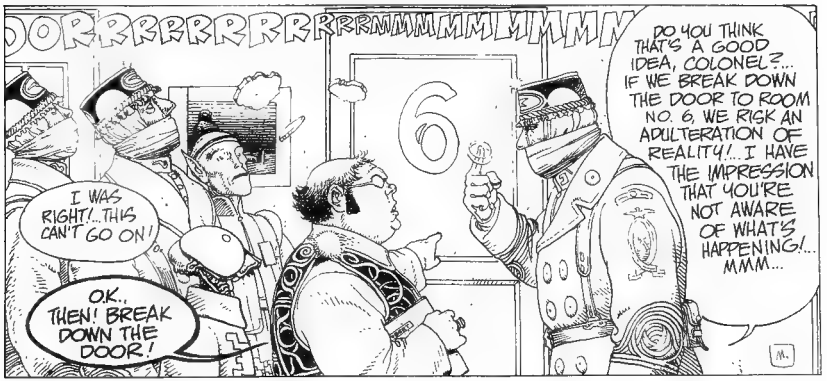
MMMM...THE ANALYSIS GIVES US CHECKMATE IN THREE MOVES... MMM... 1.CFXG6+RH7; 2.CF8+RH8; 3.CBG6... MATE...
VERY WELL, DO YOUR DUTY, MARSHAL...
WHAT, WE WON?!!!
...YOUR DUTY...
SIP
OH, YES, MAGUS, WE WON AGAIN!
YOU HAD ME SCARED THERE! DARING TO TAKE SUCH RISKS...
BAH! TO WIN, THE ANDRINOS WOULD HAVE HAD TO SACRIFICE THEIR SPACE FLEET... BUT THEY ARE JUST CRUEL ROBOTS, TOO MUCH IN LOVE WITH THEIR OWN GAMES...
...THEY'RE JUST MECHANICAL CREATURES...
AND ALL YOUR MILITARY INSTRUCTORS ARE TOO MUCH LIKE THEM...
THEY DON'T APPRECIATE THE SPIRIT OF THE GAME!
I HAND THE INSIGNIA OF YOUR POWER OVER TO YOU, MAGUS...
THEY'RE STILL DESTEEMED...
I WIPED OUT YOUR ENEMIES...
...ELIMINATED YOUR RIVAL...
...DESTROYED HIS ARMY...
...HUMILIATED YOUR GENERALS...
...MOCKED YOUR HARDWARE...
HAVE I PROVEN MYSELF WORTHY OF YOUR MASK?


I WOULDN'T HAVE KNOWN HOW TO DO MORE THAN THAT MYSELF!
AND I HAVE TO RECOMPENSE YOU! TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT!
SOME PEACE! YOU KNOW, MAYBE THE WAR IS ALREADY WON...
OR LOST...
OR WORSE ...
A LITTLE GAME?
OH NO!
I CAN'T STAND LOSING! YOU KNOW THAT VERY WELL!
BUT IT'S MY ONLY PLEASURE...
YOU CERTAINLY OWE ME THAT...
SO BE IT!
BUT WHAT ON EARTH ARE WE DOING HERE, WAITING? I'VE HAD IT!
ONE AWAITS NOTHING. ONE IS NOTHING. JUST KEEP QUIET, ALRIGHT?

THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE

JERRY CORNELIUS BY MOEBIUS

STORY SO FAR: WHILE JERRY CORNELIUS USES HIS SUPER POWERS TO ESCAPE THE RAVING MOB...


DOOR RRRR

SO WHAT!.. GRRR..
THE GUARD'S RIGHT!..
WE COMMAND YOU TO OPEN THIS DOOR!
THERE'S ALWAYS A DILEMMA WHEN IT COMES TO THE WAY OF THE WORLD AND THE HUMAN CONDITION!..
AT THE VERY SAME MOMENT, ON SEAWALL B 84..
TO BE CONTINUED..
MŒBIUS

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VIEWS

TELEFIELD EPISODE 6
BY SERGIO MACEDO
BARON VON HELSINKE PRESENTS YOU WITH HIS COMPLIMENTS. FOR SECURITY REASONS, HE ASKS YOU TO GET SET UP OUTSIDE, WHERE YOU CAN RECORD THE SOUND AND PHOTOGRAPH.
SHIT! THOSE FUCKING ROBOTS!
THEY HAVE TO OPEN THE DOOR FOR US!
MY ANDROID DOUBLE? ... IS HE READY? SEND HIM OUT TO BE TELEVISED IN MY PLACE.
YES, MASTER.
I COULDN'T STAND ALL THAT MORTIFYING AND INEXORABLE SUNLIGHT OUTSIDE!..
WE'VE GOT TO PRETEND TO BE A REAL TELEVISION TEAM, OLD BUDDY. WHEN THE PIGS ARRIVE, WE'LL ALL JUMP THEM!
YEAH! HA! HA!
VROOOO

FIRE!
THE DOORS OF THE BUNKER OPEN FOR THE NEW ARRIVALS...AND THEN..
THAK!
TRA!
CRACK!
FTHOK!
TTT!
CRASK!
CRACK!
AAARRRGGGH! HELL AND DAMNATION! TREASON!
CALLING ALL GUARDIAN ROBOTS! ATTACK!
WHAP!
FTHOK!
AAAAAHHHH!
WHAM!
THE GRENADES! HURRY!
TTTT!
GET INSIDE! I'LL COVER YOU!
FZZT!
THWAP!
WHAP!
ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE... THE TERRORISTS, THE VIUGS, AND THE ROBOTS DESTROY EACH OTHER IN MERCILESS COMBAT...
THUD!

K-BRJMM!
GOOD GRIEF! THE BARRACKS ARE ABOUT TO BLOW UP!
CEDRYLL WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
HURRY! GET THE MOTOR RUNNING! I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE...WAIT FOR ME!
I'M BEING LED BY SOME KIND OF FORCE... I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW IT!
WHAP!
KILL THE PIGS!
PSST!... LET'S BE COOL ABOUT THIS. LEAVE THIS SHIT HOUSE TO THEM, IF THEY WANT IT...
AAAARRGGH!
RAT-TAT-RAT-TAT!
AAAAAHHH! THAT ONE! KILL HIM!
FIZZZ
CRACK!
CURSES!

AAGHHH!
THUMP!
ZLT!
FILTHY DOG!... I'LL... I'LL TEAR OUT YOUR EYES!
FZZT
SHUT THE FUCK UP!
EEEEEEEKKKKK! THE SUN! NO! NO!
NO! NO! AAARRRCCCUUUH!
THUD!
FZZT!
CURSES... GLUB... BLUBBLUBB..
FSSS
FSSSSS

OUTSIDE, THE FIGHT DRAWS TO A CLOSE...
THE LAST ONE! GOT HIM!
KRASH!
UGGH! THIS IS A REAL SNAKE PIT!
KRIIIIS
VRRRR
ZZT!
FILLED WITH A SUPERHUMAN DETERMINATION, CEDRYLL MAKES HIS WAY TO THE CONTROL ROOM AND DISCHARGES HIS LASER AT THE DIABOLICAL INSTALLATIONS OF THE ZOMBIE-SAVANTS...
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! IT'S GOING TO BLOW UP!
CEDRYLL!
PHEW! AT LAST...
...FREE!

WITH THE CONTROL SYSTEM DESTROYED, THE INCREDIBLE POWER OF THE PSYCHO-PLASMA IS RELEASED AS AN EXPLOSION, WHICH DESTROYS THE FORTRESS...
THIS IMMEDIATELY PRODUCES A TERRIBLE CHAIN REACTION IN METROPOLIS 5. THE PARAPSYCHIC TRIP CENTER BLOWS UP AND THE THOUSANDS OF PARAPSYCHIC GADGETS DISPERSED THROUGH THE CITY EXPLODE WITH A TERRIBLE RACKET...
IT'S TOO LATE FOR THE PANIC-STRICKEN POPULACE TO SAVE THEMSELVES FROM THE TRAP INTO WHICH THEY FELL WHEN THEY ACCEPTED THESE DANGEROUS GADGETS...
IS THIS THE END OF METROPOLIS 5?
THE EXPLOSIONS CONTINUE UNTIL THE WHOLE CITY IS DESTROYED... THEN, THE COLOSSAL MASS OF ENERGY RELEASED IN THE FINAL DEVASTATING EXPLOSION RISES TO THE HEAVENS...

YOU'RE ALL HERE... I WAS WAITING FOR IT... BUT IT'S INCREDIBLE!
OOOHHH.
CEDRYLL! IGGY! OUR TELEPATHIC NETWORK WORKS PERFECTLY! WE WERE WARNING YOU ALL LAST NIGHT ABOUT THE IMMANENT CATACLYSM!
SOME OF YOU IN DREAMS, OTHERS BY A STRONG SENSE OF INTUITION...
ON ARRIVING HOME, THE SURVIVORS ARE WARMLY WELCOMED...
WE LEFT THE CITY AT DAWN, AND WE ALL MET AGAIN HERE... AS IF ORIENTED BY SOME SUPERHUMAN PROGRAMMING!
METROPOLIS IS NO LONGER EXISTS! A NEW AGE IS BEGINNING!
WE MUST ALL BEGIN AGAIN...
BUT... ARE WE THE ONLY ONES?...
HEEEY! ...LOOK... UP IN THE SKY!
...THEY'RE HERE! AT LAST...

THE END

The Heavy Metal Bookshelf: A Universe of Fantasy

SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS
By Angus McKie

The first existential science fiction comic story—drawn in the exquisite detail McKie perfected in *Spacecraft: 2000 to 2100 A.D.*—traces the adventures and antics of an oddball collection of intergalactic hitchhikers aboard the most stunning space vehicle ever conceived. Humor and high drama combine to create a unique fantasy package, previewed in *Heavy Metal*. McKie's debut in illustrated storytelling! Sixty-four color pages, with a special introduction by *Heavy Metal* Editor Sean Kelly. 8½×11 trade paperback. List price: $6.95. Order now, pay $5.95.

MORE THAN HUMAN

Theodore Sturgeon's science fiction classic, listed among the ten best of novels of all time, presented in a graphic story version by Alex Nino and Doug Moench. It's the extraordinary story of a single superhuman formed by the synthesis of six different and complex personalities. Excerpted in *Heavy Metal*, now available in a special 8½×11 trade paperback edition. Full color throughout. List price: $8.95. Order now, pay $7.95.

BARBARELLA THE MOON CHILD

The first and finest of feminine fantasy figures returns to face the most fearful challenges the universe can muster. Action stills from the hit feature film starring Jane Fonda lead into this all-new adventure, drawn in full color by original creator Jean-Claude Forest. Sixty-four huge 12½×9¼ pages. List price: $6.95. Order now, pay $5.95.

PSYCHOROCK

Five stories by Sergio Macedo that have made him a cult figure wherever people have seen the sky rip open and intergalactic bikers battle android overlords for the favors of goddess-groupies to the sound of punk rock. Sixty-four pages in black and white with a bizarre four-color cover. Large size 11 × 9. List price: $3.95. Order now, pay $2.95.

SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS

All four of the brilliant, full-color adventures of Moebius's pterodactyl-riding hero, acclaimed as works of genius when they appeared in the first issues of *Heavy Metal* magazine. Plus the amazing, animated story of the man who cracked the Cosmic Egg. Sixty-four pages including thirty-two of perhaps the most astounding color you will ever see on paper. List price: $6.95. Order now, pay $5.95.

CANDICE AT SEA

A new comic heroine, in the great tradition of Barbarella, Phoebe Zeitgeist, and Modesty Blaise. Candice, who can't seem to find a thing to wear, is shanghaied, plundered, keelhauled, and otherwise entertained for sixty-four pages of nautical insanity in perhaps the sexiest black and white ever drawn. Heavy chrome coat cover. 9 × 11. List price: $3.95. Order now, pay $2.95.

CONQUERING ARMIES

From *Heavy Metal* magazine, the dream epic of fierce horsemen who have never lost a battle and never won a war, who have always come and gone and who will always return. Script by *Metal Hurlant* editor Jean-Pierre Dionnet, with magnificently detailed black and white art by the mysterious Gal. Large size 9¾ × 13¼. List price: $4.95. Order now, pay $3.95.

ULYSSES

Art and text by Loo and Pichard (who brought you *Candice at Sea*), based on the story by Homer (who brought you the *Iliad*). The brave Ulysses pits his strength and wit against gods with the morals of movie producers and goddesses with the morals of movie starlets as he makes his way home across the universe. Certain to have been a classic. Full color, 9 × 11. List price: $6.95. Order now, pay $5.95.

IS MAN GOOD?

From *Heavy Metal*'s first year, the collected full color Moebius, including the sixteen-page space-spy saga, "The Long Tomorrow," the beautiful "Ballade," the eerie "Small Universe," and the utterly grotesque title story. This fifty-six-page book includes all the covers, one-pagers, jokes, nightmares, and endpapers done so far by Moebius, *Heavy Metal*'s most acclaimed author-artist. Full-color illustrations throughout. 9 × 11. List price: $5.95. Order now, pay $4.95.

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THIS WAY, MADAME! YOU HEARD ME! YOU CAN'T STAY HERE! EVERYONE'S MEETING IN THE AUDITORIUM...
I...
GRRROOWWWLLL

I...I WANT TO GO BACK UP... MY FRIEND STAYED OUTSIDE...LET ME GO!...

HMM...TAKE CARE OF HER!
A SEDATIVE?
YES!

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? GET A MOVE ON!...DO AS YOU'RE TOLD! ...GO TO THE AUDI-TORIUM!
SINCE WE ARE BEING ORDERED TO...
SQUIRO Shot

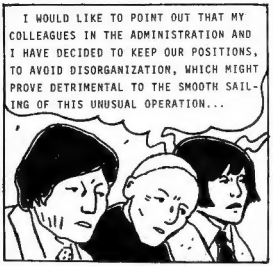
YOU'LL DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD TO DO! ...GET IT? WHAT YOU'RE TOLD!
?

?
CALM DOWN...EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT... THEY'LL BE GIVING OUT NUMBERED BADGES...
...THEN THEY'LL EXPLAIN THEIR USE TO YOU...
?
!?

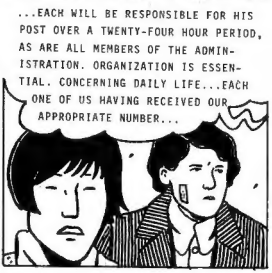
EVERYONE'S IN PLACE...THEY'RE WAITING FOR YOU, MR. DIRECTOR...
YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY POSITIVE THAT EVERYONE'S THERE?...
POSITIVE, MR. DIRECTOR... WE DID OUR ROUNDS...EVERYONE'S RECEIVED A NUMBERED BADGE!
DID YOU HAVE ANY PROBLEMS?...
TO DO WITH THE BADGES? OH! NO, SIR, NONE!
GOOD!...NO FITS OF HYSTERICS OR DESPAIR?...NO ATTEMPTS TO GET OUT?
A FEW, BUT THE MEDICAL CREWS AND THEIR SURVEILLANCE PERSONNEL WERE VERY EFFICIENT ABOUT IT ALL...AND THEN YOUR SPEECH...
GOOD! GOOD!' PERFECT!
CM.
YES, I THINK WE CAN GO AHEAD...YOU HAVE THE NOTES FOR THE EMERGENCY PLAN?
YES, IT'S ALL HERE!
ALL RIGHT ... TO THE AUDITORIUM!
12

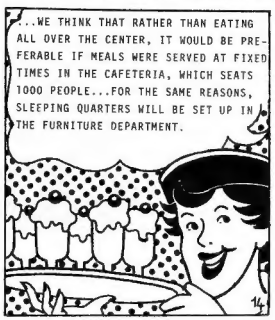
...LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE WOULD FIRST LIKE TO TAKE THIS OCCASION TO THANK YOU FOR NOT PANICKING AND FOR HAVING CONFIDENCE IN US...THIS BUILDING CAN FUNCTION INDEFINITELY, THANKS TO ITS ATOMIC PILE SUPPORT SYSTEM. WHAT'S MORE, STOCKS HAVE BEEN COLLECTED TO FEED 15,000 PEOPLE FOR A YEAR. TO SHOW YOU WHAT WE COULD DO--ALTHOUGH THIS ISN'T THE CASE--WE COULD SPEND TWENTY YEARS HERE, SINCE THERE ARE EXACTLY 823 OF US!
...BUT, THIS ISN'T THE CASE, BECAUSE WHEN THE RADIOACTIVITY LEVEL OUTSIDE DROPS DOWN TO A LEVEL ACCEPTABLE TO THE HUMAN ORGANISM, THE DOORS OF THE BUILDING WILL OPEN AUTOMATICALLY. WHATEVER HAPPENS, WE MUST AWAIT THIS OPENING, SINCE WE DON'T KNOW THE PROXIMITY OR THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE BOMBARDMENT...
...FROM NOW ON WE MUST ACCEPT THE IDEA THAT WE ARE CUT OFF FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD FOR AN INDEFINITE PERIOD OF TIME. WE MUST, THEN, ORGANIZE A COMMUNAL LIFESTYLE, WHICH WILL BE AS PLEASANT AS POSSIBLE. NOW I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE MAIN OUTLINE OF OUR PLAN PREPARED FOR EMERGENCIES...
THE NUMBERED BADGE THAT WAS GIVEN TO YOU AT THE DOOR IS ABSOLUTELY NONTRANSFERABLE. IT MUST BE VISIBLE AT ALL TIMES ON YOUR GARMENT, WHATEVER THE TIME OF DAY AND WHEREVER YOU MAY BE IN THE MALL--TO ALLOW THOSE IN CHARGE OF DISTRIBUTION TO REGISTER YOUR WITHDRAWALS OF FOOD AND OTHER PRODUCTS. WE WILL HAVE NO NEED OF MONEY AS LONG AS WE ARE HERE, SINCE EVERYTHING WILL BE SHARED EQUALLY.
?!?
E
13

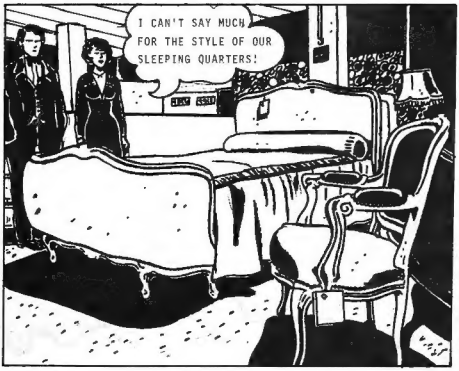
IT IS ABSOLUTELY NOT A QUESTION OF THE MALL PERSONNEL DOING ALL THE WORK BY THEMSELVES. EACH VICTIM MUST SIGN UP FOR AN ACTIVITY, ACCORDING TO HIS TASTES AND ABILITIES. WE WILL SUPPLY THE LIST IN DUE TIME. THIS WILL BE PROGRAMMED SO THAT EACH DAY'S ASSIGNMENTS WILL BE CLEAR, WITH WORK SHARED EQUALLY--AND NO SHIRKING!


I WOULD LIKE TO POINT OUT THAT MY COLLEAGUES IN THE ADMINISTRATION AND I HAVE DECIDED TO KEEP OUR POSITIONS, TO AVOID DISORGANIZATION, WHICH MIGHT PROVE DETRIMENTAL TO THE SMOOTH SAILING OF THIS UNUSUAL OPERATION...

A STRONG SURVEILLANCE TEAM WILL BE ORGANIZED BY US ON A VOLUNTARY BASIS. ITS MEMBERS WILL WEAR UNIFORMS. THEY WILL BE EXEMPTED FROM OTHER TASKS, BUT REMEMBER...


...EACH WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS POST OVER A TWENTY-FOUR HOUR PERIOD, AS ARE ALL MEMBERS OF THE ADMINISTRATION. ORGANIZATION IS ESSENTIAL. CONCERNING DAILY LIFE...EACH ONE OF US HAVING RECEIVED OUR APPROPRIATE NUMBER...


...WE THINK THAT RATHER THAN EATING ALL OVER THE CENTER, IT WOULD BE PREFERABLE IF MEALS WERE SERVED AT FIXED TIMES IN THE CAFETERIA, WHICH SEATS 1000 PEOPLE...FOR THE SAME REASONS, SLEEPING QUARTERS WILL BE SET UP IN THE FURNITURE DEPARTMENT.



DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET USED TO BEING AN ELECTRICIAN?
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER... THERE ARE ONLY THREE KIDS IN THE WHOLE CENTER...THEY HARDLY NEEDED A REMEDIAL MATH TEACHER...
AND HOW ARE YOU GETTING ALONG IN THE LIBRARY?

PRETTY WELL... I'LL STAY WITH THE BOOKS...BUT IT'S AN INCREDIBLE JOB TO CHANGE A COLLECTION OF BOOKS INTO A REAL LIBRARY...IT'S GOING TO TAKE HOURS AND HOURS TO INDEX THEM ALL!

TO BE CONTINUED

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